

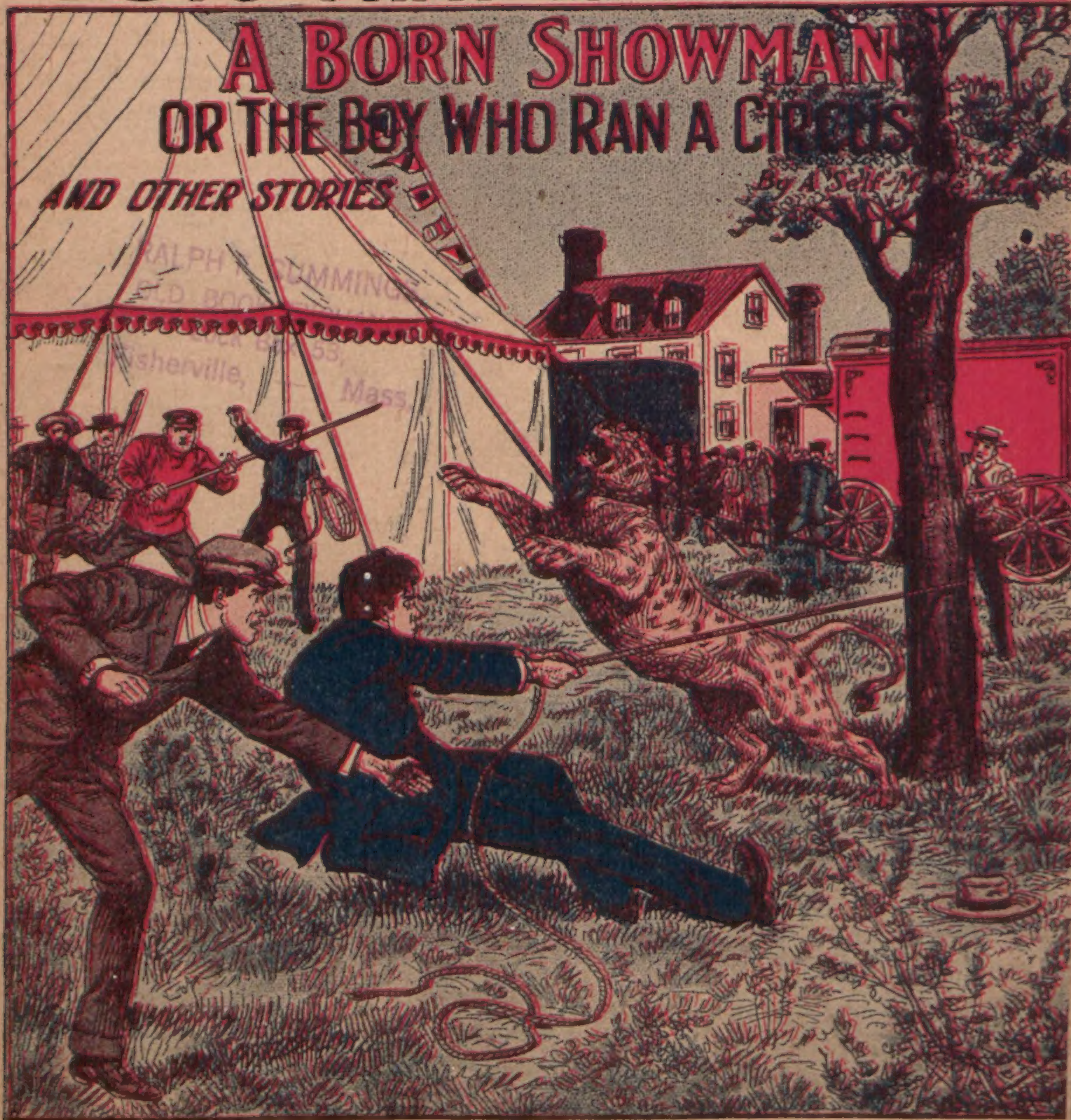
FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

STORIES OF BOYS THAT MAKE MONEY.

A BORN SHOWMAN OR THE BOY WHO RAN A CIRCUS

AND OTHER STORIES

By A Self-Made Man



The strength of the beast was fast overcoming Andy's power of resistance, and its struggles to get at him were slowly and steadily drawing the boy within the animal's reach, when Sam dashed up and seized hold of the rope.

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BY A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—Introduces Andy Adams.

"I'm afraid this show isn't going to hold together much longer, Andy," said Sam Switchell gloomily.

"What makes you think it isn't?" asked Andy Adams, eyeing his companion intently. "It's a good show of its kind, isn't it?"

"It's good enough, but the guy who's running it for the late owner's widow knows as much about handling a circus as I do about managing a railroad. We're not pulling the money we ought to on this route. It's my opinion we're not paying expenses."

"You're right, Sam. As treasurer of the show I ought to know something about its finances. If we had to pay salaries in full every week, the ghost wouldn't walk on Monday to any great extent. But that's a secret between you and me, remember."

"That's about what I thought. This idea of signing a contract to let part of our salaries stand till the close of the season may be all right with a large circus, where the proprietors are responsible people, but with a small wagon-show like ours I don't take any stock in it."

"But you signed a contract to that effect, like the rest of the people before we started out. What did you do it for?"

"I did it to hold my job, and because I thought the show would run just as it did when old Dan Harker was alive and at the head of it. He always made enough to pay salaries in full when the season was over and have a wad for himself. I wonder where Mrs. Dan picked up the present manager?"

"Through an advertisement, I guess. He was a theatrical advance agent."

"Then he ought to know how to bill a show properly. I've a notion that we're not getting the full benefit from our paper. This circus has never done such poor business as it has this season so far, and we have mighty good attractions for a one-ring show. Look at the act that Betty Martin put up in the ring. What other wagon-show can match it? It's worth the price of admission alone."

"Can you keep a secret, Sam?" asked Andy, in a low tone.

"Sure I can. What's the secret?"

"Manager Huntley is sweet on Miss Martin, and he pays more attention to her than he does to the interests of the show. He neglects the

business, and that's why things are going to the dogs."

"I've noticed that he hangs around her a good deal, and I've been looking for trouble from it. When we first started out, he acted soft toward Rainbow, our Indian girl rifle expert. Huntley is a good-looking fellow, you know, and Rainbow kind of took to him. Then he suddenly dropped her cold. Ever since that happened Rainbow has been acting funny. It's my opinion she's jealous of the attention Huntley is giving Miss Martin, and I wouldn't be surprised if one, or both, of them got hurt."

"Is that so?" said Andy, with a look of concern.

"That's the way I size up the situation. That Indian girl is dangerous. Take my word for it, the moment she's sure that Huntley is in love with Miss Martin, there's going to be trouble, and that will bust the show up, anyway."

"Look here, Sam, why didn't you tell me about this before?" said Andy.

"I've only just got on to the state of things."

"Something will have to be done to prevent trouble. There isn't the least doubt in my mind that the manager is making love to Miss Martin. I have my doubts about her caring a pin for him, but she's a natural coquette and likes to have admirers hanging around her, ready to fall over themselves to do her a service. That's why she encourages Huntley. If you are sure that Rainbow is interested in our manager, I can understand that complications are likely to occur. I think Miss Martin ought to be warned."

"I think so, too; but who's going to do it?"

"I'll have to do it, and I don't fancy the job."

The foregoing conversation took place early one afternoon at the lot where Dan Harker's Circus and Menagerie was to perform that afternoon and evening. Dan Harker had run the show successfully for ten years or more, and had built up quite a reputation in his line. He had traveled practically the same route each season, which was not within the circuit followed by the big shows, and so avoided competition; but the old man, who had during his earlier career, been a popular clown, died during the late winter and his widow sent the show out this season under the direction of Chet Huntley, who had been represented to her as a competent manager. If he was, his ability did not extend to a circus, for he failed to grasp some of the most important points of circus management, and his in-

competency was soon apparent to his subordinates.

At the time of which we write the country out West was not so thickly populated as it is to-day, and a one-ring circus was big enough to meet all demands. Dan Harker's Circus carried a small side show in addition to the menagerie, and its features consisted of Big Foot Willie (a fake curiosity), the inevitable fat woman, and the living skeleton, a Circassian Beauty that was not genuine, a female snake-charmer, who also told fortunes, and a lecturer who also performed a few sleight-of-hand tricks that invariably mystified the country people.

The menagerie was likewise small and contained a "Happy Family" of small monkeys, birds and rabbits, an educated bear, a California wild-cat, an antelope, a few other animals, and Rajah, the Royal Bengal tiger, which was regarded as a dangerous bit of goods by every one except his keeper, who rode with him in his cage, in the procession, and put him through various stunts in the ring, inside his cage, of course.

The ring show consisted mainly of a grand entree, the educated bear act, Mlle Bettini Martini in her two equestrian acts—one on a pad and the other bareback; Rainbow, the Indian girl sharpshooter, who was uncommonly fine; the Bounding Brothers, in ground and lofty tumbling, and afterward on the trapeze; a funny clown act and some other features. The circus had been two months on the road, but after the first month business, for some reason, had begun to dwindle, until now matters were getting a bit desperate.

Andy Adams, whose second season it was as treasurer, began to see difficulties in his path unless business picked up at once. The billing wagon was nearly a month ahead of the circus, which gave the country people plenty of time to see the announcements of the coming show, and put the money aside for the great day when it would arrive at the largest town in their vicinity.

As Andy had heard of no financial depression in that part of the country, he could not understand why the show, which heretofore had been uniformly successful, had struck such an unexpected frost. Sam Switchell was a kind of general helper about the circus. He took tickets at the door of the main tent, and about the only time he wasn't busy was when he was asleep or at his meals. He had been with the circus for several years, and he knew all about it. The circus had arrived at Milltown that morning, and its coming was heralded by the customary parade. The people of Milltown and its vicinity for many miles around had always given Dan Harker's Circus and Menagerie rousing support, and everybody looked forward to the same on this occasion.

"I think we can count on a big crowd this afternoon and to-night," said Andy to Sam, as he unlocked the rear door of the ticket-wagon. "Last year we turned people away from both performances."

"I hope so," replied Sam, "for we need the money."

At that moment two men, who had just entered the lot, stepped up and one of them said:

"Where's the manager of this circus?"

Andy looked at him sharply. He didn't like

the way he spoke, nor his manner, and he scented trouble.

"I couldn't tell you where the manager is at present," he said. "I dare say he's somewhere in town attending to business. I'm the treasurer and represent him. What can I do for you?"

"I've got a claim against this circus," said the man brusquely, "and if it's not settled at once I'll attach the ticket wagon."

"My dear sir," replied Andy suavely, "there is no occasion for you to go to extremes if your claim is a just one. We are only too happy to make good any actual damage caused by any one connected with this show. Please state your case."

Andy's extreme politeness and apparent readiness to make good mollified the man, who had expected a rebuff. He at once laid his grievance before Andy. He said he was a farmer whose property was close to Milltown. In his large field facing on the road was a barn. Without asking his permission, the advance billposters had pasted several sheets of the circus paper on the barn. In his opinion they had defaced the barn, and he thought that his outraged feelings could only be soothed by a \$10 bill which, in his opinion, was letting the show off cheap. Andy listened to him attentively, and when he concluded he said:

"You are certainly entitled to some sort of compensation for the use of your barn. I cannot understand why our advance man failed to make it all right with you before he put up the bills. Sam, will you go along with the gentleman and assess the damage?"

The man was taken aback at this. As a matter of fact, he had no barn in his field, and his claim was a fictitious one which he had expected to bluff through.

"It's too far to go," he said, beginning to take water. "Since you're so gentlemanly about it, I'll cut my claim in half and call it square for five dollars."

"I would gladly compromise the matter with you offhand, for I see you are a reasonable man and wish to do the fair thing, but we have a systematic way of doing business which we cannot depart from. If you will give my assistant the directions, he will ride down to your place in a short time and bring back his report, then we'll settle."

The man hemmed and hawed, and finally said he'd let the thing go for a couple of tickets.

"Very well," said Andy, "we'll let it go at that, then."

He entered the ticket wagon, rapidly filled out a blank provided for the purpose, and brought it to the man to sign, which he did in the presence of a witness. Then Andy handed him the two tickets and he went off with his friend to a nearby saloon, quite happy in the knowledge that he had done the circus out of something, even if it wasn't as much as he had intended to get.

CHAPTER II.—Rainbow.

"You got off easy," said Sam, when the men were out of earshot.

"Yes, though it was a hold-up, in my opinion. His claim was just a bluff. By getting rid of him this way saves us trouble and loss of time."

"Huntley would not have wasted time talking with that fellow. He'd have ordered him off the lot."

The people were now beginning to flock to the lot, and from the looks of the advance guard the boys believed that Milltown would sustain his reputation for hearty support. Farm wagons, filled with sunburned people, were driving up by the different roads. The wagons were hitched inside of the lot and gradually accumulated in number. Andy entered the ticket wagon and shut the door. It was not time to sell tickets yet, but he had a lot of work to do connected with his position. Huntley made his appearance after hanging around Betty Martin until she had to tear herself away to go into the women's dressing room.

It had been Dan Harker's rule never to start the ticket sale till the last moment, though the crowd surged impatiently around the wagon. His purpose was to give the barker of the sideshow every chance to corral as many spectators as possible, for their dimes counted largely in swelling the total receipts of the day. Huntley did not follow the same line of action, though Andy had tried to impress upon him its advisability. On this afternoon Andy was in the midst of his bookkeeping when Huntley opened the door and told him to start in, for there was a crowd and the people were getting impatient at standing in close quarters.

The big tent gradually filled up, and the people came faster and faster. Andy no longer doubted but they would have a big house that afternoon, and the prospect was that the evening show would be a jam. The circus band was sent into the ring to hold the attention of the growing audience. This band consisted of seven performers, and most of them had been with Dan Harker for some years. What they lacked in numbers they made up in volume of sound. They might not have been fine musicians, but they knew their business.

At two o'clock the tent was crowded to its capacity, and the afternoon performance began. Andy hoped that their poor luck had deserted them and that his forebodings of the dissolution of the circus would not be realized, after all. He went behind into the space between the dressing rooms and the flowing red curtain that covered the opening through which the performers made their entrance to, and exit from, the ring. Here he found Miss Martin in ring costume, standing beside her trained mare, talking to Huntley.

The Bounding Brothers were doing their trapeze act at the moment, and she was to follow them in her bareback act. A funny piece of business by the clown and his assistant was usually sandwiched between these acts, but as Miss Martin was in a hurry to get through she had asked Huntley to have the order of the program reversed for her benefit. She had made the request of the ringmaster first, for he had full charge of the ring, being the same as the stage manager at a theater, and he had refused to oblige her. Then she made her request to the manager, who really had no right to override his ringmaster, and as he was ready to fall all over himself to do her a favor he had made the change, though it caused a tilt between him and the boss

of the ring, who clearly was mad over the matter. Rainbow had gone through her performance some time before, and resumed her own attire.

Andy saw her sitting on a hurdle in the background, watching Huntley and Miss Martin with blazing eyes. The Indian girl looked very dangerous at that moment, and Andy had no doubt that what Sam had told him was true in every particular. He approached the girl unnoticed from behind.

"What's the matter, Rainbow?" he asked gently, laying his hand on her shoulder. "You appear to be unhappy."

"Unhappy!" she cried, changing back to her former mood, her eyes shining fierce and glittering, like a snake's, through the tear drops. "I am——"

She checked herself suddenly by a powerful effort.

At that moment a roar of applause came from the audience, and the Bounding Brothers, having finished their act, came running in through the curtain. The clown and his assistant, who was dressed as a stage Dutchman, were about to go out when Huntley headed them off, said something to them and they fell back. The ringmaster gave the signal to the bandmaster, and the musicians struck up Miss Martin's cue and she followed her mare into the ring. She was greeted with a burst of applause.

"Tell me about it, Rainbow. You know I am your friend. Sam is your friend, too. 'We're all your friends.'"

"No, no, only you—you!" she cried, laying her hand on his arm.

"Nonsense! Why, I heard Miss Martin say yesterday she liked you."

"Don't mention her!" cried the Indian girl furiously. "I hate her!"

"Look here, Rainbow, I know that's the matter with you. You have learned to care too much for Huntley, and you're jealous because he pays attention to Miss Martin."

"How did you guess that?" she said, grasping Andy fiercely by the arm.

"Guess it! Why, anybody can see it. You're a changed girl since the manager stopped noticing you. You are worrying your heart out over a man that isn't worth a second thought from you. He's a male flirt just as Miss Martin is a female one. You are sore on Miss Martin without cause. She doesn't care any more for Huntley than he cares for you."

"How do you know?" she cried feverishly.

"I think I know her pretty well. She has fascinated him, and she knows it. She enjoys his attention and leads him on, but—she doesn't care a cent for him. I am satisfied that she laughs at him behind his back. You let them alone and pretty soon you'll see her drop him as he dropped you."

"Oh, if she only would—if she only would!"

"That would give you all the revenge you could ask for on Huntley."

"I don't want revenge—I want him."

She spoke wistfully and longingly.

"You want him? Then you do care for him."

"Care for him! I love him!" she cried passionately.

"I am sorry, Rainbow. Do you know, I think a lot of you, for I have sized you up as a good

girl. I'd hate to see you throw yourself away on that man. He wouldn't treat you half decent, even if he did marry you. I doubt if he would treat any woman right. Every new face catches his eye, and always will. He doesn't want a wife, and he isn't worthy of one unless he marries a coquette like Miss Martin, who would pay him in his own coin."

Andy's last remark was unfortunate, for it undid what he had previously said about Miss Martin. To make matters worse, Miss Martin, after concluding her act amid thunders of applause, came rushing in through the curtain, flushed and pretty as a picture. Huntley, who had been watching her all the time through the curtain, seized her hand and pressed it to his lips. She snatched it away with a coquettish smile, kissed her fingers at him, and ran into the dressing room.

All this Rainbow had seen, and her dark, limpid eyes blazed again with a baleful fire that wiped from her mind every thought but one of fierce hatred toward the fair equestrienne. She turned abruptly away from Andy and started toward Huntley. The manager tried to avoid her, but she seized him by the arm and said something in a low, concentrated tone. His face flushed and he turned angrily on the Indian girl.

"How dare you!" he cried harshly.

She uttered a vindictive laugh, and made some reply. He raised his hand and struck her. As she reeled back, Andy, mad as a hornet, darted forward and smashed the manager full in the face, knocking him down.

CHAPTER III.—Andy Prevents Murder.

"You brute!" cried Andy angrily, standing over him.

The clown and his assistant, who were about to enter the ring, rushed forward to interfere. Huntley got up, furious with rage.

"You are discharged! Discharged!" he hissed, livid with passion.

"Yes?" replied Andy. "I guess not. You didn't hire me. My contract is with Mrs. Dan Harker. You're not the proprietor of this show. You're only an employee, like myself. You ought to be ashamed of yourself to strike a girl, and a member of the company. Nobody but a coward——"

"Look out, there! For Heaven's sake, jump for your life!" shouted a voice at this juncture.

Andy looked around as Huntley uttered an exclamation of alarm. Rainbow, mad with rage, had run into the dressing room, got her rifle, and was trying to take aim at the manager. Andy, greatly startled at the girl's evident intention, backed up against Huntley and threw out his arms, covering his body almost completely. Rainbow could easily have shot the manager through the head before he got it covered by Andy's, but she did not do it, and before matters went any further she was caught and disarmed by two teamsters.

Huntley, shaking like a leaf, dashed into the main tent and walked unsteadily around front. In the meanwhile, Andy rushed over to Rainbow, who was struggling like a wildcat with the teamsters.

"Give me the rifle and let her go," he said.

He put his arm around the Indian girl and drew her outside into the air. She offered no resistance to him, but walked doggedly along.

"Look here, Rainbow, do you want to break up this show and throw us all out of work?" said Andy earnestly.

She made no reply.

"I want you to promise me, little girl, that you won't make another break like this again," he said.

"He struck me. Oh! can I stand that from him?" she cried.

"He was a coward and a brute to do it, but I resented it for you."

"Yes, yes, you brave boy, you did; and I like you for it!" she cried, impulsively throwing her arms around Andy's neck and kissing him. "But that did not wipe out the sting of his blow, which is rankling in my heart. I would kill any man who dared to strike me, for a blow is something my Indian blood cannot forgive. Nor can I forget the words that preceded it. I see now he cares nothing for me, no more than if I were the dirt under his feet."

"Must I, Rainbow, the daughter of an Indian chief, endure this from a white man—a man I was willing to die for if need be? It is impossible! He shall yet feel my vengeance—the vengeance of the girl he has discarded and insulted for that baby-faced woman. And she—she shall feel my vengeance, too! To think he dared kiss her hand before me, and she—she smiled on him and was pleased! It makes my blood boil to think of it!"

"For my sake, be calm, Rainbow," entreated Andy.

"I must go away and think," she said, but her tone had no earnestness about it.

She turned and re-entered the tent just as Sam came up.

"I see you've been talking to Rainbow," he said. "I guess you have more influence with her than any one else. How did she respond?"

"Have you heard what happened?" asked Andy.

"No; I haven't heard anything out of the usual. I hope Rainbow hasn't done anything to Miss Martin," he added, looking disturbed.

"No; but she'd have killed Huntley, only for me."

"The dickens!" gasped Sam. "Tell me about it."

Andy related all that had occurred in the space behind the curtain.

"Gee! this is a fierce state of things, Andy," said Sam, shaking his head.

"I should say it is."

"This is particularly tough, for luck seems to be about turning our way again. We've got one of our old-time crowds this afternoon, and we are sure to have another corker to-night. That will tide us over, financially."

"It will help put us on our feet again if we don't run against more bad business after we leave here."

"I hope not right away. You must tackle Rainbow again and work every bit of pull you have with you. She likes you better than anybody in the company, with the exception of Huntley, but if she has dropped him, you ought

to be able to work her. At any rate, you must do your best. I suppose Huntley was scared. The coward—to strike her! If the shock would only frighten him into letting Miss Martin alone, we might hope this thing would blow over. Hadn't you better put it straight up to Miss Martin? When she learns that Huntley struck Rainbow, I fancy it will give her a different opinion of him. If she has anything to do with him after that, I'll have a pretty small opinion of her."

"She has learned by this time what took place, for there were several witnesses to the affair, and the news has already circulated all over the show. If she doesn't know that Rainbow is wildly jealous of her, she isn't a very observing woman."

At that moment the people began pouring out of the tent, for the show was over. Perhaps fifty remained to see a short variety performance given by the clown, his assistant, the Bounding Brothers, a serio-comic female singer, and one or two other acts, for which an additional charge of ten cents was collected by the clown who subsequently turned the money over to Andy.

CHAPTER IV.—Danger in the Air.

At five o'clock the big tent was deserted, and shortly afterward all the performers who had taken part in the "concert" were out of the dressing rooms. The setting sun shone on the gently waving flags and banners, and over the practically deserted lot. Supper was being prepared in the cooking tent, and the table was already laid in the eating tent. The animals in the menagerie were being fed, and the cook's assistants were taking supper to the freaks in the side show.

These people always ate first, for they had very little time to themselves, as the barker got busy the moment people began arriving at the lot, and early birds frequently got there more than an hour before the opening of the regular show. Andy started to look up Rainbow again to have another talk with her. He found her doing a bit of sewing with the serio-comic singer, not far from Betty Martin, who was talking with the ringmaster. The clown, his assistant, the Bounding Brothers, and a couple other men performers were conversing in a bunch, stretched out on the grass.

They nodded at Andy as he passed them. Riding around the lot on a pony was the boy who was associated with Rainbow in her shooting act. It was a fearless little chap, for he stood up against a wooden background and let the Indian girl shoot small objects out of his hand and fingers, a pipe out of his mouth, and two or three apples off his head. In the latter feat he was slightly protected by a false papier mache forehead, which rose an inch and a half about the real crown of his head, but he needed this precaution, because Rainbow shot one of the apples off with her back toward him, using a small looking-glass to take aim with over her shoulder.

Andy caught Rainbow's eye, and he motioned that he wanted to see her, but she refused to join him, and it was out of the question for him to talk with her in the hearing of the other girl. When Andy left the sideshow he went straight to the eating room, where he found all the per-

formers and Sam already seated. If the performers took any notice of the manager's vacant chair at the head of the table, they said nothing. Andy looked at Rainbow, but she didn't look at him. She was as calm as a mill pond and ate as if nothing troubled her. Instead of feeling encouraged by this, it struck Andy as an ominous sign.

He feared her calm presaged a storm. Before supper was over the barker of the sideshow, who had finished first at the table, could be heard holding forth on his stand to the people who were beginning to gather on the lot. After supper the performers hung around a while and then went to their dressing rooms as it began to grow dark. Sam supervised the lighting of the main tent, dressing rooms, menagerie and the gasoline torches outside. Andy went to the ticket wagon after satisfying himself that Huntley had not come on the ground.

It was the manager's business to be on hand, for his presence was necessary to adjust any difficulty that might arise at any moment. Time passed and he failed to come. Sam had to attend to some of the matters that it was Huntley's business to look after. As there was a big crowd, he had his hands full, and had to call on one of the men of the show to help him take tickets. Eight o'clock came, but not the manager, and the performance began. Sam took the first chance to tell Andy about the continued absence of the manager.

"I guess Rainbow gave him the scare of his life," said Sam. "He's afraid to show up till he thinks she has cooled down."

"On the whole, it's a good thing he is keeping away," replied Andy, "for I'm afraid that girl means to do him an injury. I don't like the way she has acted since she left me. You'd better go around back and watch her. She might do something to Miss Martin."

Sam went away, but he was back in a hurry, with a scared face.

"For Heaven's sake, Andy, shut up and come with me!"

"What's wrong?" asked the young treasurer anxiously.

"I'm afraid there'll be a murder in the ring."

"What do you mean?" asked Andy, looking startled.

"Rainbow's act will be on in a few minutes. Jimmy Coyne was thrown from the pony about dark and hurt his leg so he can't go on. When the ringmaster looked around for a substitute, Miss Martin agreed to don Jimmy's suit and take his place. Just fancy her nerve, but she says she has unbounded confidence in Rainbow's accuracy, and is certain that the Indian girl won't hit her. She's taking points from Rainbow now. Why, man alive, she's giving the girl the chance to do her up under the excuse of an accident! You will have to see the ringmaster and put a stop to her going on."

Andy, much excited, closed up the wagon in a hurry and followed Sam to the back. As they passed in at the "stage entrance," the band began to play Rainbow's entrance. The Indian girl walked on with her rifles, dressed in a Western attire, with a soft slouch hat and a beltful of ball cartridges slung around one shoulder. She was accompanied by Betty Martin, in an Indian boy's

dress, with her face darkened with make-up preparation. Andy rushed to the curtain and looked out. The ringmaster was making sundry announcements about the act.

"Good gracious!" cried Sam, "we're too late!"

CHAPTER V.—Andy Is Made Circus Manager.

Andy, however, felt that the exigency of the moment demanded action, and without the least hesitation he darted out in sight of the audience, leaped into the ring and approached Rainbow, who was leaning on her rifle waiting for the ringmaster to finish his speech. Miss Martin had taken her place in front of the wooden bulwark that received the bullets, calm and as self-possessed as the boy whose place she had taken to oblige the management. Rainbow looked at Andy. She guessed his mission and smiled sarcastically.

"Rainbow," whispered Andy earnestly, "promise me you will not hurt Miss Martin."

"Are you fascinated by her, too?" she replied ironically.

"Certainly not. It is you I am thinking of, not her. It would be a cowardly act to shoot a girl who trusts you, no matter how much you hate her. If you do it, Rainbow, I'll never look at you again. I have always believed you to be a good, brave and square girl. I believe that still. Don't destroy that belief, little girl. Don't give me cause to blush at the thought that I have cared for you as a dear sister."

A soft look came into the Indian girl's eyes.

"Do you think of me as a sister, Andy?" she asked.

"At this moment, yes; but if anything happens during this act——"

"Go, now; nothing will happen, I promise you," said Rainbow, in a tone that convinced Andy that, barring a real accident, Miss Martin was safe.

The act passed off all right, and the two performers retired, amid great applause. When Rainbow came off, she walked up to Andy.

"Where is Huntley?" she said calmly. "I haven't seen him to-night."

"I don't know, but I suspect he is afraid to show himself. You gave him an awful scare, and he fears worse at your hands."

Rainbow shrugged her shoulders disdainfully.

"He is safe from me," she said. "I have accepted the blow you gave him as a receipt in full for the insult he inflicted on me. But I am through with him forever. A man capable of striking a woman is unworthy of respect, and where there is no respect there can be no love."

With those words she ran into the dressing room. Later on, when Betty Martin came out to go on in her bareback act, Andy and Sam, discussing the continued absence of the manager, saw that Rainbow accompanied her with one arm around her waist.

"Look there, Andy. Am I dreaming, or what? Look at Rainbow!"

"I see her. The crisis has passed all around. Huntley can come back as soon as he chooses."

At that moment Betty Martin went on and Rainbow walked over to the boys.

"I see you've forgiven Miss Martin, little girl,"

said Andy, putting an arm around the Indian girl.

"I had nothing to forgive. Miss Martin told me she never cared anything for Huntley, and only encouraged his attentions to amuse herself and tease me. She said that the moment she learned that he struck me, that settled him with her. She has assured me that she will never permit him to speak to her again. She thinks she would have dropped him anyway in a day or too, as he was getting too much in earnest to be of any further amusement to her. Whether she meant that or not, I can't tell, but I am sure she really likes me well enough to resent the insult Huntley offered me."

"What did I tell you, Rainbow? I said she didn't care a button for him," said Andy, caressing her black hair.

"You told me the truth, Andy. You are the best boy in the world."

She pressed his hand to her lips and then ran away. With the beginning of the evening performance the working force of canvasmen and others, not a very large bunch, got busy under their boss. After the performance was over the circus commenced their journey to the next town billed.

Andy and Sam were about to board the ticket wagon, to which a horse was already hitched, when a messenger from the local telegraph office came on the scene.

"I want to find a party by the name of Andy Adams," he said.

"That's my name," said Andy.

"Here's a telegram for you," he said, handing it over and presenting a book for the boy's signature.

"That must be from Huntley," said Sam.

"Strike a match and I'll see," said Andy.

"Come in the wagon. The lamp is lit there."

The boys entered the wagon, signalling the driver to go ahead. Andy tore the envelope open and read the following:

"Have message from Huntley, tendering resignation. Take charge of show until further notice. Letter will reach you at Corinth. Mail daily reports. Wire if you get in trouble."

"Mrs. Dan Harker."

"Hurrah!" cried Sam. "You're the manager of the show."

"For the time being only, I guess," said Andy.

"Mrs. Dan will probably give you the chance to make good, for a competent circus man, and a trustworthy one, is not to be picked up offhand. You stand well with her, and I'll bet she'll be glad to have you at the head of the show."

"I'll be glad to head the procession myself."

"You'll stick, for, as I said before, you're a born showman."

"We'll have to have a new ticket seller," said Andy.

"That's so. I never thought of that. Who can you use?"

"You. I'll put somebody else on the door."

"I'm afraid I won't be able to handle tickets fast enough."

"Oh, you'll get along. At any rate, I can trust you in the wagon. You've got to be my all-around assistant."

"I'm willing to help you out in any way I can, Andy."

"I know you will. You'll attend to the work I did for Huntley, and then we'll get on all right."

"You'll have the manager's van all to yourself."

"I'm not sure I'll use it."

"Why not?"

"All the business end of the show is centered in this wagon, so I think I'll stay here and bunk in with you, as I've been doing."

"What will you do with the manager's van, then?"

"I think I'll put Rainbow and Miss Martin in it, and fill their places in the other wagon with the snake-charmer and Maggie O'Brien, the Circassian girl. The fat woman almost needs a wagon to herself. I'll put her skeleton husband in with her and that will give Willie a bunk. He has to sleep in a corner of the other wagon now."

After a little further talk the boys turned in and went to sleep.

CHAPTER VI.—A Startling Occurrence.

All through the night the procession of circus wagons, carrying the paraphernalia of the show and the slumbering performers, attaches and animals, jogged along the country road toward the next stand, which was Corinth. The drivers were half asleep on their perches, for the horses required no guidance, as they were accustomed to follow the wagon ahead. When morning dawned in the east the driver in the lead broke into a faster pace when he saw that they were still some miles from their destination. The sun was well up when they came in sight of the town. The procession stopped and drew up at the side of the road.

Although the circus had been over this road ten times before, and the driver of the manager's van, which led the line, knew the location of the lots where the show held forth, he could not tell, unless advised in advance, whether the same lot would be used that season. The lot might have been built upon since the circus last visited the place, or it might be in use so that the circus could not get it. In that case the advance man had to select another site for the show. His letters of advice to the manager made all this plain, and the boss of the show duly issued instructions to his driver.

In the case of Corinth, a new lot had been taken by the advance man, and had so informed Huntley, in connection with other particulars, but Huntley had not told the driver, owing to his sudden and unexpected departure from the show. The driver, knowing that the manager was not in the van, was in a quandary. He got down and hurried back to the ticket wagon to consult with Andy, who, as treasurer and general assistant to the manager, was regarded as second in authority. He pounded lustily on the door.

"Hello!" said Sam, opening it. "What do you want?"

"We've arrived on the outskirts of Corinth. We can't go any farther till I know where the lot is."

"All right, old man. Don't worry. Andy is

manager of the show now and will get right on the job."

Sam awoke Andy and both lads hurried into their clothes. They jumped out and washed their faces at a gurgling brook close by, then returned to the wagon and combed their hair. By that time the horse was ready, and Andy started off at a full clip. He soon located the lot rented by the advance man and hurried back. The procession got in motion again and followed him. As soon as the wagons entered the lot the working force tumbled out from their roosting places and got busy under the direction of their boss. While these preparations were in progress, Andy mounted his saddle horse and rode into town to transact a lot of necessary business.

He first dropped in at the post office and found a letter from the advance man, addressed to Huntley. He read it and put it in his pocket. It referred to a town two weeks ahead on the route. As yet there was no letter from Mrs. Dan Harker. That would probably arrive late in the day. Andy had made out his report of the previous day's business at Milltown, and, inclosing it with a general statement of the financial and physical condition of the show to date, mailed it to the proprietress.

It was encouraging, compared with previous reports covering the previous three weeks, during which no remittances had been made to Mrs. Harker. Andy made none on this occasion, as he needed all the money they had taken in at Milltown to provide for possible contingencies. If business continued to pick up he would be able to forward bank drafts again. From the post office Andy went to see about the license. He knew what the fee was in each town, and where extras would be assessed. These extras were simply graft, and could be scaled down by a shrewd manager. The politicians of Corinth were real gougers, and old Dan Harker had to pull all kinds of wires to get off easy.

Andy had brought the list of previous payments along, many of which were simply demands for tickets to the show. The boy, of course, had tickets and blank passes in his pocket, and was prepared for all emergencies. When he entered the City Hall and walked into the license bureau, there were new faces there. The political control of the town had been reversed since the previous summer. Andy didn't know that, nor did the change in faces mean anything to him, as he had not seen the previous incumbents. All the harpies had been turned out, and, to the boy's surprise, he had very little in the way of extras to put up.

This tickled him so much that he voluntarily handed around a number of passes to various officials, and some of these bore unexpected fruit later. He next visited the police department to secure police protection at the lot. He had to pay for this, but not any high sum. Andy then made a tour of the newspaper offices to distribute passes and see about the notices in the afternoon papers. The morning papers had been arranged with in advance, and carried his advertisement. Long before the boy was through, the procession had got started on its route, but he got back about the time it returned to the lot.

At dinner he took his place at the head of the table. Everybody connected with the show knew

that he had been put in charge of the circus, and they welcomed the change, for all had lost confidence in Huntley as a manager. Only Andy, Sam, Rainbow and Miss Martin knew the real cause of Huntley's disappearance. Among the others the impression prevailed that he had been fired. After dinner Andy took Sam to the ticket wagon to give him instructions. There was a certain amount of clerical work that had to be done, too. Andy intended to help him attend to this later on.

"I guess we'll have a good crowd at the two performances, for the weather is perfect," said Andy.

"I'd like to bet on it. The streets were crowded when we went through, and there was a good deal of enthusiasm along the route, which is a good sign."

"Good business from this out will mean something to me. Coming on the top of three poor weeks under Huntley's management, it may carry me along as the manager to the end of the season."

"Sure it will. You can fill the bill all right."

"I shall do my best to make good."

"How did you get along this morning?"

"Better than I expected."

"There you are. I can tell a born showman when I see one, and that's what you are. The boys believe you know the ropes a lot better than Huntley, and they're all glad he is no longer with the show. I don't believe any of the people liked him much after the first week or two. He put on too much style for a manager. Then the way he made a fool of himself, first with Rainbow and afterward with Miss Martin, killed him. The manager is expected to attend to his business."

At that moment an attache of the circus banged open the door of the ticket wagon. He looked white and excited.

"What's the matter?" asked Andy.

"Oh, gracious!" gasped the man, "there's the dickens to pay!"

"What do you mean?"

"The tiger has got out of his cage and there's a crowd of people on the lot. When the trainer slammed the door shut the spring lock evidently did not catch. After he was gone the tiger probably pressed against the door and that caused it to open. The beast then got out."

CHAPTER VII.—Rajah on the Rampage.

Rajah loose! That was indeed startling news. He was a dangerous beast, and was fully capable of creating havoc enough to put the show out of business.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Andy. "The animal must be taken at all hazard without delay, or he is liable to kill people. Come on, Sam!"

The boys left the wagon in a hurry.

"Where's Signor Mantilla?" Andy asked the man.

Mantilla was the owner and trainer of the tiger.

"He went away somewhere."

"The signor must have been careless, for he looks after his beast."

They found the grounds in a state of great excitement. The attaches had warned the early comers and they had hurriedly vacated the lot.

"Where is the beast?" asked Andy of a workman.

"I couldn't tell you," replied the man.

"Is he out of the menagerie tent?"

"I couldn't tell you that."

Andy made straight for that tent and looked inside. The place was deserted. The door of the tiger's cage stood open. Andy walked cautiously in, peering under the wagons, thinking Rajah might be hiding under one of them, but he wasn't. The young manager soon satisfied himself that he was not in the tent. He looked out at the back and spied the animal crawling around under the wagons, smelling about.

"My! if he ever gets out of the lot, no one can tell what will happen. He'd probably kill the first dog or child he came across, and then with the taste of blood in his mouth he would be as fierce as he originally was in his native jungle," thought Andy. "I must try and get him at any risk."

The boy looked around for a weapon, and his eyes fell on a coil of rope. The idea struck him to try and lasso the beast. If he could do that and then tie the end of the rope to a wagon wheel he'd have the animal in a position where the whole circus force could attack him with some advantage. He picked up the rope and made a running noose at one end of it. Then he waited for the tiger to crawl out into the open. This he did presently and then the plucky boy showed himself. Rajah spied him at once, stopped and glared at him, near a tree. He now offered a fair mark for the lasso. Andy, however, was not skilled in throwing such a thing, and he feared what might happen if he missed dropping the noose over the beast's head. As he began swinging the rope, the tiger, evidently taking him for an enemy, commenced to snarl and crouch. Fearful that the animal was about to spring, as probably he was, Andy hastily let the noose go. His aim was true, and it landed over Rajah's head.

The moment he flung the rope, Andy sprang aside. It was well that he did so, for as the noose encircled the beast's neck he launched himself at the spot where the boy had just stood. He struck the ground within two feet of Andy, which was a pretty close call for the young manager. As it was, it would have got Andy only the beast slid partly under the canvas side of the menagerie, and before he could extricate himself Andy darted away as far as the end of the line and shouted for help. The animal started for him, and Andy rushed ahead to avoid him. The boy spied a large tree near by. By running around it he saw the possibility of saving himself and holding the tiger at the same time till help came. He carried out this plan, but at first the tiger followed, which compelled Andy to keep on circling the tree. Then Rajah stopped and looked at him. Andy went more than halfway toward him and stopped, too, gripping the rope about his wrists and digging his heels into the earth.

"I guess I've got him now," thought the young manager; but he did not count on the animal's great strength.

As the noose tightened around Rajah's neck he realized that he was caught, and, rearing on his hind legs, he threw himself toward the boy, weakened from choking. Andy was drawn several feet closer to him. Then the boy realized his own desperate position. A couple of more efforts on the part of the tiger would bring about his finish. He shouted desperately for help. This time he was heard, and a squad of men, armed with steel bars and other implements, headed by Sam, appeared on the scene. The strength of the beast was fast overcoming Andy's powers of resistance, and its struggles to get at him were slowly and steadily drawing the boy within the animal's reach, when Sam dashed up and seized hold of the rope. Their united strength did not wholly avail to stay Rajah, but it slowed him up enough to give the men the chance to attack him in a body. A terrible fight ensued between the men and the tiger, which was half choked.

The beast tugged at the rope and pulled the two boys closer and closer, but the animal was not thinking of them, only of the men he struck at with his claws. At this stage of the proceedings Signor Mantilla appeared. He was half crazy when he saw his trained beast being struck repeated blows with the iron implements.

"Rajah! Rajah!" he cried authoritatively, rushing up.

Furious as the animal was, he recognized his trainer's voice.

"Stop! Don't strike him any more," said the signor. "Go and drag his wagon out here and bring a skid and my whip."

Several of the men started to obey, while the others drew back and waited. The animal ceased pulling on the rope and crouched, bleeding, close to his trainer, lashing the ground with his tail.

"Now's our chance," said Andy. "We'll run up to the tree and twist the rope around it."

This they did in short order and tied the end. Then they joined the bunch of men. The wagon bearing Rajah's cage was speedily run out into the open and brought close to the beast and the signor. The skid was shoved toward the trainer and his whip tossed to him. He placed it in position at the door of the cage.

"Now get out of sight," said Signor Mantilla.

Andy, Sam and the others walked off into the menagerie, for they knew that the trainer possessed wonderful control over his animal. The signor cracked his whip and Rajah crouched submissively. The trainer then undid the rope from the tree and holding the end of it, drove the animal toward his cage. Rajah hesitated a moment, but the crack of the whip started him. He crawled up the skid, and Signor Mantilla followed him into the steel enclosure, snapping the door shut after him. While he was taking the noose from the beast's neck the men removed the skid and drew the wagon back to its place in the menagerie. Then the trainer left the cage and made sure that it was locked. By that time a thousand people had collected in the neighborhood. Andy reprimanded the signor severely for his carelessness in leaving the cage unlocked. The report that the tiger was loose had circulated and not one dared enter the lot.

Many, indeed, turned around and went home. The incident had already cost the circus many

dollars in loss of attendance in the side show, which was completely out of business for the time being. If the signor and the tiger were not a great attraction, Andy would have bounced Mantilla. As soon as the tiger had been caged Andy sent all his men out to spread the news that all danger was past. The band was ordered to play in front of the main tent. The people began entering the lot, and the ticket wagon was presently surrounded by an immense crowd. As it was after half-past one then, Andy told Sam to begin the ticket sale right away, which he did, and the young manager took his place at the door with a new ticket taker. The people surged into the show in a constant stream, and Andy had his hands full dealing with the duties and difficulties of his position. One of the first applicants for free admission was the street commissioner of the town, who had brought his family with him.

He asked for the manager, and when Andy said he was that personage, the commissioner said he was sorry, but the town had a claim against the circus in the shape of damage to several curbs by the wagons in the parade, and it would have to be settled. Andy, from past experience, knew that this was merely a touch for free admission, so as he had no time to argue the matter, he passed the commissioner and his family in. Hardly had they disappeared within before a druggist appeared with his wife. The gentleman stated that he had always been a welcome guest of the circus, and he hoped the same courtesy would be extended to him now. Andy shook his head.

"The crowd is too great this afternoon to permit of me honoring your application, sir," he said. "Sorry, but our expenses are very heavy, and if we turned a paying applicant for admission away to oblige you, we'd lose money."

So the man had to buy two tickets at the wagon. Two newspaper men and an editor came up with signed passes, which were taken by the doorkeeper without question. Probably a score of other applicants for free admission presented their claims for recognition, but with the exception of a couple of policemen, whom it was not wise policy to refuse, for the circus is, in a measure, at their mercy, they were turned down. All this kept Andy very busy, while at the same time he had to keep his eyes on the alert even when listening to those who took up his time.

Old Dan Harker always declared that the "plain clothes" men, the policemen assigned to duty at the circus in ordinary attire, were usually very officious in the country towns where they had little to do except to watch out for disreputable characters. Andy that afternoon, and during his subsequent career as a circus manager, found that the old man had not greatly exaggerated his statement.

These men hovered around the entrance, apparently proud to be on familiar terms with the manager of the show. They assumed the manner of passing in many of their acquaintances, and more or less obstructed the entrance to the show. There was another profit working for Andy here, and at the next town, and the next, the special officer and sheriff's department, sworn in for the occasion, and provided with shields, which they displayed to the darkness. It doesn't do to turn them down, for they are

the friends and relatives of the official heads of the town. They pass in free and occupy spectators' seats.

In case of an unexpected call on their services, in the event of trouble in the audience, or a slight panic from some cause, they cannot be relied upon to respond, so that their presence is usually a loss to the show. Notwithstanding the unpleasant incident of the tiger getting loose, the circus had a full house that afternoon, and Andy felt that luck was attending his debut as a born showman. He found so much to occupy his attention even after the performance began that he wondered how Huntley could have made time to hang around the fair Miss Martin. Everything ran smoothly with Andy, for he had a polite and ingratiating manner toward even the worst beat who tried to "do" the show. He always expressed himself as sorry to turn down unworthy applicants, and in consequence all who could afford the price, bought tickets. When he suspected a grafter he would turn him down roughly, and this often led to a verbal scrap, and the policeman nearest at hand was ordered to eject the party from the lot, and thus he lost many a half dollar, besides incurring a lot of ill-will.

As soon as he could find the time, Andy went to the ticket wagon and helped Sam go over the receipts and do sundry bookkeeping. In fact, it was not till the show was over and the performers were enjoying their half hour of relaxation before supper, that Andy got the chance to speak to any of them. Then he called Rainbow and Miss Martin aside and told them to remove their traps to the manager's van, which they would hereafter occupy together.

They were delighted at this arrangement, for the van was very comfortable for two, and told him he was the finest manager in the world, which was only natural to expect from them under the circumstances. Probably Andy had made this change solely for the benefit of Rainbow, whom he had taken under his wing, for he wanted to make her as comfortable as possible. The Indian girl understood his motive, if Miss Martin did not, and was grateful to him for the interest he took in her. Thereafter she was the most devoted friend he had in the show, and the time was to come when he owed his life to her.

CHAPTER VIII.—The Scheme That Failed.

The circus had a big house that night, too. Apparently all Corinth turned out to see the performance, as the tiger was now pretty generally known to have been safely caged. Then the show went on its way to the next stand, which was a big village in a thickly settled farming district. Before the evening show at Corinth began, Andy sent an attache to the post office for the expected letter from Mrs. Dan Har-ker, and got it.

The proprietress told him that she intended giving him a fair trial as manager, as she knew he had been in her late husband's confidence. She said that Dan had told her that in his opinion Andy was a born showman, and would some day be able to run a circus successfully. She knew he still lacked experience, but she thought that as

he was thoroughly familiar with the show, he might be able to get along if he were careful.

At any rate, she hoped he would, for she had implicit confidence in him, which was more than she could expect to have in strangers, and Huntley's sudden defection had disgusted her and she was loath to put the show in the hands of another outside if she could possibly avoid doing so.

Andy was pleased with the contents of the letter. His telegraph appointment the preceding night carried with it no certainty that he was to hold the job, but this notification assured him that he would have every chance to make good. He showed the letter to Sam, and that youth simply remarked:

"I told you so."

The circus reached Summerdale at eight o'clock. There was no time for breakfast before the procession, unless it was started later than usual. Andy decided to start it later, after a consultation with Sam, who, having been over the streets three times before, told him he could get the pageant over the ground and back to the lot by noon if the start was made at ten. So breakfast was served and then Andy rode into the business section to attend to business. As it was a smaller place than Corinth, he got through while the procession was still en route. He found a full supply of grafters in this village. Every official in the place wanted free tickets for himself, family and friends.

Andy began to wonder where the money would come in if he gave out all the paper that was demanded of him. It took all of his diplomacy to cut the demands down one-half. Huntley had struck a similar place two weeks back, and as he flatly refused to be robbed he had been put to all kinds of petty inconveniences till he was well-nigh frantic. The officers of the town succeeded in cutting down the attendance by suddenly closing roads and streets for alleged repairs, and the circus had poor houses at both performances.

Andy, well aware what he was up against, took a different method and succeeded in extricating himself as well as could be expected. The circus had fair crowds at the afternoon and evening shows at Summerdale, and everything passed off all right. The show then started on its journey to the town of Carlyle at half-past eleven. When Andy and Sam got into the ticket wagon and padlocked themselves in, they did not notice that a strange driver was on the box. He left the lot at a slow pace and instead of taking the usual place in the long line of vehicles, he hung back and finally fell in at the rear. It was a dark, starless night, with a suggestion of rain in the air, and all the drivers had their oilskins on the seat beside them, ready to don in case of need.

The ticket wagon hung back unnoticed and followed at a short distance. For an hour matters continued as they were, and then it began to rain. The driver of the ticket wagon pulled his collar up above his ears, and his hat further down about his eyes and continued to jog along, with the big wagon ahead, rolling along like a great misty object, with a red lantern swinging from behind. In about ten minutes the circus passed a forked road which joined the turnpike at that point. The driver of the ticket wagon turned into the left fork of the road and started the horses at a

faster pace, every moment taking him farther and farther from the circus train. In the course of ten minutes more he drove up alongside a deserted building, and gave a shrill whistle, twice repeated. Presently two men appeared at the door of the building.

"Is that the ticket wagon, Jim?" one of the men asked the driver.

"It's nothin' else. Come out and get busy."

"It's rainin'."

"What of it? I'm soaked. Hand me your whisky flask," he said, getting down.

"Come and get it," said the other.

The man Jim walked up to the door and placed the flask to his lips.

"That warms up a feller's innards. Now let's get down to business. There must be a bunch of money in the wagon and we want to get it. The boys probably are asleep, but we can't get in without wakin' one or both of 'em. We ought to have no trouble gettin' 'em to open the door. They'll think we belong to the show. I'll tell 'em that there's been an accident to one of the big wagons and they're wanted to look after things. The moment they open the door to come out we'll rush in and secure them—see?"

The others agreed that the plan was all right, and proceeded to act on it. Two of them stood by one of the wheels, while Jim pounded on the door. The noise aroused Andy. He sprang up and then Sam awoke.

"What's the matter, Andy?" he asked.

"I don't know. Somebody is pounding on the door. There it goes again."

He opened a small sliding panel in the strong door and asked who was there.

"Me—the driver of the wagon," said Jim.

Andy supposed it was the regular driver, who had been enticed into a Summerdale saloon, drugged and left there.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "What are we stopping for?"

"There's been a breakdown."

"A breakdown!" exclaimed Andy.

"Yes. One of the big wagons slipped a wheel into a rut and it went to pieces—I mean the wheel did," said Jim. "You're wanted."

Andy thought that was queer, for he could be of no use. Spare wheels were carried along, with the implements necessary to repair just such an accident, and the blacksmith was the man who would be called to fix things up. The manager would be the last person disturbed on such an account.

"What am I wanted for?" asked Andy.

"You're wanted to boss the job."

Sam had been listening to the conversation, and his suspicions were aroused.

"That fellow's voice doesn't sound like Smith's," meaning their driver. "No such message as that would be sent to you, anyway. I'm thinking there's something wrong here. Wait a moment till I get our guns."

He picked them up and handed Andy his weapon.

"Is that you, Smith?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the man gruffly.

Sam didn't recognize the voice.

"Well, we're not going to leave the ticket wagon," said Sam. "You ought to know that we have nothing to do with the fixing up of a dam-

aged wagon—that is, if you're Smith, which I rather doubt."

"Then you ain't comin' out?" said the man, in a surly tone.

"No, we're not," said Sam decidedly.

The man walked around out of sight and consulted in a low tone with his companions. Andy heard their low tones, and was satisfied that all was not right. He had strong doubts of the truthfulness of the yarn the man gave them, still the fact that the wagon was at rest showed that something was amiss. Supposing that the vehicle was in its usual place, near the head of the line, he peered through the darkness for the wagon that should be close behind, but he could not see it.

There was nothing strange in this, as the rain and the general gloom made the darkness impenetrable. In the meantime, the men decided that they would have to force the door of the wagon, since the boys could not be cajoled into coming out. One of them sneaked up, jabbed a jimmy into the dividing line and the boys heard a cracking of wood.

"Those rascals are forcing the door," said Sam. "This is a hold-up of the ticket wagon. I'll bet they attacked Smith by surprise, knocked him off his perch, and then drove the wagon out of its place in the line. It was possible for them to do that, the night is so dark, without attracting attention from the driver behind who probably had his head down to keep the rain out of his face, and might have been dozing besides."

"I'm satisfied you are right, Sam, and we must give these fellows a warm reception," said Andy.

It was impossible for the boys to see the man who was operating on the door from the little window at the top, as he was entirely out of their range of vision. This door was on the side of the wagon, between the front and rear wheels. The rear end of the wagon was furnished with a narrow flap that opened inward on hinges and formed the counter over which the tickets were sold. Generally, the ticket wagon is a small affair and only used to sell tickets. Old Dan Harker, however, had his own ideas on the subject, and he had a large van built to accommodate not only the box office, but all the business details of the show. It was furnished with a safe at the forward end, extending partly under the driver's seat, a desk flap affixed to one side and working on hinges at which two persons could work at one time, with a row of pigeon holes for papers above it. There were two bunks, with lockers underneath them, one on either side of the door, together with two folding camp chairs and many other necessary articles.

The interior was lighted by a reflector lamp attached above the safe. Sam cautiously let down the flap at the back of the wagon and looked out. The men who were trying to get into the wagon were not in sight, being around on the side. Bringing a stool over, he got on it, laid his back on the counter and worked his way out and over to the side of the vehicle. Squirming around, he was able to see three shadowy forms around the door. He reached for his revolver, which he placed between his legs, took aim at the thighs of the man who was using the jimmy, and fired.

The rascal fell, with a loud cry. Then

fired close to the heads of the other two men. This fusillade carried consternation into the ranks of the three thieves. The two uninjured ones fled into the shanty, while the other lay groaning where he fell. As it happened, he was the only one who was armed with a revolver, and he felt in no shape to use it. Sam hustled back, closed the flap and started to unlock the door.

"Now's our chance to escape those fellows," he said, drawing back the two heavy bolts and turning the key in the stanch lock. "I'm going to jump on the box and drive ahead. Stand by the door with your gun and keep those chaps from approaching the wagon."

Sam hurriedly hauled on his trousers, slipped his bare feet into his shoes, slipped into his jacket and slapping his hat on his head, he jumped out into the road. The wounded man lay at his feet, right between the wheels. He swore at Sam as the boy hauled him out of the way. Sam's fingers touched the butt of the revolver in the fellow's hip pocket, and he thought it prudent to take possession of it, pitching it into the van. Then he mounted to the seat, picked up the reins and drove ahead in the darkness and the rain.

CHAPTER IX.—The Trouble at the Bridge.

Sam supposed that the road he was proceeding along was the right one that led to Carlyle. He figured that when the three rascals overpowered Smith, the driver, they had simply driven to the other side of the road and waited till the procession of vehicles had passed by in the darkness, trusting to the rain and blackness of the night to escape observation. After allowing the circus train to get some ways ahead, they had begun their nefarious game, which had failed of its object.

That the plot really had had its inception at Summerdale; that Smith had been quietly disposed of there, and that the rascals had worked the scheme differently from his idea, taking to the fork road that led off from the right route, Sam had not the faintest idea. So he whipped up the horse and hastened onward, expecting shortly to rejoin the circus. Leaving Sam to proceed, Andy locked the door, as the danger was over, turned into his bunk and went to sleep again. At the end of half an hour Sam began to wonder why he did not see the red light on the rear wagon ahead of him.

"It's about time I overtook the show," he thought.

The rain had stopped and the weather showed signs of clearing up, which was a matter for congratulation, for if the circus man dreads anything, it is to show under a watery sky. It not only keeps down the attendance, but is a source of inconvenience all round, particularly if the rain is a steady, heavy one.

Coming toward him in the distance, Sam saw a horse and buggy. It was a pretty late hour, considerably after midnight, for any one to be on the road. Sam guessed it was a doctor returning from some country patient, and he was correct in his surmise. He determined to hail the party and ask him if he had passed the circus

train, and, if he had, how far in advance it was. So when the buggy came close, he called out to the party in it, and the man reined in.

"How far have you come along this road, mister?" asked Sam.

"About three miles," replied the doctor.

"Then I suppose you passed a traveling circus."

"No. I haven't met nothing since I left the farm where I was paying a professional visit."

"That's funny. Seems to me the wagon train can't be so far ahead."

"Where is the circus bound for?"

"Carlyle."

"This isn't the road to Carlyle. You've turned out of the right one. This road leads to Huntington, which is quite a ways from Carlyle."

"Is that so?" said Sam. "That's fierce!"

"How came you to get separated from the rest of your party?" asked the doctor, who easily saw that the red and gilded van, the top of which was protected from the weather by a canvas covering, belonged to the circus which had showed the day before in Summerdale.

Sam turned around, and, driving up alongside the buggy, gave the doctor an outline of the game which had been unsuccessfully worked on the ticket wagon. The physician congratulated him on having escaped the contemplated robbery.

"I'm going straight to the road between Summerdale and Carlyle, so all you have to do is to follow me, and then if you drive fast you may be able to come up with your party before they reach their destination."

So Sam fell in behind the buggy and half an hour later they passed the house where the robbery of the wagon had been attempted. Sam saw no signs of the three rascals. Ten minutes afterward they reached the main turnpike.

"Here you are," said the doctor. "Your road lies in that direction."

"Thanks, doctor. What's your name? If the show comes this way next year, and I'm with it, I'll hunt you up and see that you and your family get free tickets for one of the performances."

The doctor gave him his name, told him where he lived on the outskirts of Summerdale, and then Sam started for Carlyle.

"It's a case of hustle, old nags," said the boy, giving the horses the whip. "We have got to make time. I'll see that you rest all day to make up for it."

The animals got a gait on and the wagon went ahead at good speed. The road was a bit heavy after the rain, but not enough to greatly impede the progress of the ticket wagon. To lose the best part of a night's rest was no new experience for Sam, and he didn't mind it much, though we can't say that he relished it. The sun was up when Sam sighted the circus train ahead. It was jogging along at its regulation speed. Apparently the ticket wagon had not been missed. When he dashed up and fell in behind, the driver of the last wagon looked around and was surprised to see the ticket wagon there with Sam on the box.

He concluded something had happened to the regular driver which accounted for the ticket wagon having been delayed en route. He waved his hand to Sam and then paid no further attention to him. The circus was to show on the lot

used during its previous visit, and the head driver being advised of the fact, he led the way straight to it as soon as they approached Carlyle. As soon as the wagons were drawn up at the lot, Sam aroused Andy and told him about his night's experience as a driver.

Andy agreed that it was lucky he met the doctor, as he would have gone so far out of the way that they never would have reached Carlyle till late in the morning, which would have been a handicap to the show, since without either Andy or Sam there would have been no one to direct operations. It was Saturday and Carlyle turned out a good crowd at both performances. Their next stand was a good-sized town where they were to show on Monday.

It was a long jump compared with the other places during the week, and these jumps were always so arranged that they came between Saturday night and Monday, giving the show the benefit of Sunday to travel on, either part or all of the day, with stops for meals, according to the distance to be covered. Sudbury was the name of the town, and Andy, figuring upon the time taken to go the previous season, calculated they would arrive about three on Sunday, if dinner was postponed, as it would be to the advantage of all hands that it should.

Extra provisions had been arranged for at Carlyle to provide breakfast and dinner for the troupe, and the meat was partially cooked in advance, for there was no ice chest carried, difficulty having been met with in securing a stock of ice along the route. The wagon train stopped by the side of a long stretch of country road on Sunday morning, about eight. The stove and cooking utensils were unloaded and the kitchen put in operation under the open sky.

By the time breakfast was ready the performers were out of their wagons ready, with the rest of the employees, to partake of it sitting around on the grassy turf close to the fence. It was a sort of gypsy meal, but nobody grumbled, because they were used to it.

The show halted for about an hour and a half, during which time the horses and the animals of the menagerie were fed. Several tramps came up as the caravan got under way again and asked for a lift, but they were not accommodated. That made them mad and they started to throw stones at the wagons.

"Hey, Rube!" came the cry of the circus men.

Several of the attaches got after them and they fled into a near-by field. The rascals knew the country well, and, taking a short cut, reached the road again, just ahead of the show. They hid in the bushes and while the wagons came along they opened fire on the drivers with stones. Once more they were chased, but being nimble chaps they made their escape. Nothing more was seen of them for several hours, during which they effected another short cut by forced tramping, harder work than they usually attempted, but they burned with the desire to annoy the circus in every way they could.

They reached the road again, well ahead of the caravan, which had been obliged to stop while the axle of one of the wagons was repaired. The place they came out at was close to a wooden bridge spanning a creek. The rascals noticed that a cave-in had occurred at one end of the

bridge. It did not affect the stability of the bridge much for the present, and the circus wagons could have passed over it without special risk. The rascals, however, thought it would be a grand idea of revenge if they could displace the end of one of the bridge supports, and by this means drop one of the circus teams into the creek.

They didn't have much time to work in, and ordinarily would not have succeeded in accomplishing their object if they had had half the afternoon at their disposal. Unfortunately, one of the heavy rocks which helped to support that end of the bridge only needed a well-directed application of energy to move it aside. The weight of a heavy wagon passing across the bridge would not have moved it, but a little loosening of the soil underneath made all the difference in the world. The rascals were sharp enough to understand that, and they set to work to do it.

They had finished the trick when the caravan came in sight, and they hastened to cover to watch the result of their nefarious game. Nearer and nearer came the circus train, and the rascals chuckled and hugged themselves with satisfaction. Just as the first van was about to cross the bridge a big farm wagon came around the curve from the other direction. It carried a large, spreading piece of machinery, and to a considerable extent blocked up the road. The driver of the leading van signalled back to draw close in to the hedge on the right, and the signal was repeated down the line. Fortunately, the road was in good shape, with no gulleys, so that the caravan was able to give the farm wagon the best part of the road. Across the bridge came the wagon.

As the horses stepped on the solid ground the bridge tilted with a crash of splintering wood, the wagon slid against the rail and, carrying it away, went over into the creek, the center pole lifting the horses off their feet and pulling them over, but landing them against the side of the bank. The drop was not over eight feet, and the driver saved himself by clinging to the seat, that end of the wagon remaining above the water at an angle. The moment the bridge was relieved of the weight of the wagon, it righted and looked almost as stable as before. A scene of some excitement ensued.

CHAPTER X.—The Shot That Saved Andy.

There was a rush on the part of the circus men for the bridge. The driver of the wagon was hauled up on the bank, and immediate work began to extricate the pawing and kicking horses. A rope was attached to one of them, and a dozen men got hold of it. A circus man slipped down and unfastened the traces, and then the horse, with some help on its own part, was hauled up. The other horse was rescued in the same way. Andy and Sam were soon on the scene watching the operations, though they took no part in them, as the master canvasman and his men were able to attend to the business. The farmhand in charge of the wagon denounced the county authorities for the condition of the bridge. Andy and the master canvasman examined it

and saw that the slipping aside of the big rock which supported that corner was responsible for the accident. A rope was placed around the rock and it was hauled back into place, and made temporarily secure by stakes driven around it.

Still the slipping of a quantity of the earth left it lower by several inches, and this space had to be filled up with flat stones taken from the margin of the creek. Finally it was pronounced safe enough for the circus train to pass over. The caravan then went ahead, one by one, until all the wagons were on the other side. Ropes were then attached to the partially submerged wagon, the ends fastened to the harness of the two small elephants, the beasts started and the wagon with its awkward piece of machinery landed on the bank and was drawn into the road with some difficulty after a section of the fence had been removed.

The two horses were then led out for the farmer to hitch up, the fence replaced and the circus men returned to the train with the elephants. By the time the caravan was in motion again an hour had been lost which the concealed tramps thoroughly enjoyed. Although their revenge has miscarried, still the circus had been put to a lot of trouble and they felt satisfied that they had got square.

They did not escape some of the penalty attaching to their act, for when they resumed their walk after the road was clear in both directions they stopped on the bridge to look down into the creek and talk about how much worse the affair would have been had the bridge done down as they had expected. Leaning against the rail near where it had broken off, the balance of it suddenly parted and they both took an unexpected header into the creek, getting an involuntary bath, which they needed badly.

They were not hurt, being tough fellows, but they emerged thoroughly soaked, and had to take refuge in the field and remove and wring out their clothes, after which they resumed their tramp in an uncomfortable condition and in bad humor. The circus reached Sudbury at four o'clock and went directly to the lot, when all the tents were put in position, though the main top was not hoisted. Dinner was ready had served in the eating tent at five, the freaks receiving theirs, as usual, in the side show.

As there was nothing to do until next morning the majority of the people walked into the town to look around and mail letters to their friends and relatives. Miss Martin and the ringmaster went off together, and behind them followed Andy, Sam and Rainbow. After walking around till dark, the three latter started to return to the lot. The blazing portals of a small theater, which was open on Sunday night, attracted them and they stopped to look at the bills.

A travelling company, which had showed the night before, was giving a change of bill which took the shape of a Wild West drama, the heroine of which appeared to be an Indian girl. Rainbow wanted to go in and see it, so Andy walked up to the box office and asked for free seats. The box clerk didn't know him and referred him to the manager of the show. That personage was on the door and to him Andy preferred his request.

"Who are you?" asked the theatrical man brusquely.

"I'm the manager of Dan Harker's Circus and Menagerie, which shows here to-morrow. This is my chief assistant, and this young lady is one of the performers."

There seems to be a sort of Freemasonry among the members of the profession that enables them to recognize the genuine when they meet it. The manager went to the window, got them three of the best seats and then passed them into the show. The play and the company both proved pretty tart. There were lots of shooting and red-fire episodes. The Indian maiden used language that might have come out of Fenimore Cooper's novels, but which never issued from the mouth of a real live member of the redskin tribe. She saved the hero in each act, usually with the help of a pair of revolvers which she had no occasion to fire, even when opposed to a dozen rifles in the hands of the villain and his desperadoes. The villain was the only one who wore city clothes, smoked cigarettes and was always ejaculating, "Ha! failed!" at the most interesting moment.

At the close of the third act Rainbow had seen enough of the Indian maiden, so the trio left the opera house, went into a restaurant and had supper, and then returned to the lot. As the prospects of big money looked good at Sudbury, Andy, while on his business round in the morning, bought a bank draft and mailed it to Mrs. Dan Harker, with a financial statement up to Saturday night, and an account of the circus to date. Luck seemed to have returned to the show since Andy assumed the reins of management, for they had big houses at both the afternoon and evening performances at Sudbury. Indeed, many people had to be turned away, for even standing room was not to be had at any point of vantage in the big top.

"I guess we've struck our gait at last," said Sam to Andy, when they were counting up after the evening show was well under way.

"It looks like it," replied Andy. "It will make me pretty solid with Mrs. Dan."

At that moment an attache knocked at the door of the wagon.

"What do you want, Dickson?" asked Andy.

"Huntley has turned up. He's drunk and quarrelsome. He's behind the curtain and insists on seeing Miss Martin, who doesn't want to meet him. I think you'd better go over and try to pacify him," said the man.

"Better take a cop with you, Andy," said Sam. "Huntley never liked you and he won't like you any better now since you've stepped into his shoes. He is likely to make trouble for you."

"Oh, I guess I can deal with him," said Andy, who, nevertheless, called up one of the plain-clothes officers to accompany him.

When he reached the back of the circus he found Huntley talking in a loud tone to one of the Bounding Brothers. Andy walked up to him.

"I'll have to request you to leave, Mr. Huntley. Outsiders only embarrass the performers by their presence and, as you know, you are not admitted," said the young manager politely but firmly.

"Who are you giving orders to, you young monkey?" glared the late manager. "One would think you were the new manager, if there is one."

"I ain't sure but I'll take charge of this show again, if the madame is agreeable."

"I'm afraid the madame, as you call her, won't be agreeable," replied Andy coolly.

"What do you know about it, you young whippersnapper?" cried Huntley angrily.

"Mrs. Dan Harker appears to be satisfied with our successor."

"Oh, she does, eh? Who is he? I haven't seen him about."

"You see him now."

"What do you mean?"

"I am now the manager of the show."

"You!" roared Huntley.

"Yes, sir, and I must again ask you to withdraw from this place."

At that moment Rainbow appeared with her rifle, dressed for her act, which followed the one that was on at that moment. She recognized Huntley and stopped.

"I care nothing for your orders," snarled Huntley. "I came here to see Miss Martin, and I'm going to see her. Do you understand that?" and the ex-manager snapped his fingers in Andy's face.

"Miss Martin has no desire to see you."

"You have nothing to say about Miss Martin. I'll attend to my business with her. I shall stay here till she comes out of the dressing-room, whether you like it or not."

"Look here, Mr. Huntley, if you refuse to listen to reason I shall be obliged to order your ejection from this tent."

"You will!" hissed Huntley, with a malignant look.

"I certainly will. I do not propose to have any of my people subjected to annoyance."

"Blast you! I always did hate you, and now I'll fix you if I swing for it!"

Huntley whipped a revolver out of his pocket and shoved it against the boy's coat. In another second Andy would have been shot. But such was not to be his fate. Swift as a flash of light came the sharp report of Rainbow's rifle. Huntley uttered a cry and staggered back, the revolver dropping from his shattered hand. The Indian girl's aim had been as true as ever her skill displayed in public. She had saved Andy's life.

CHAPTER XI.—Starting a Panic.

The shot created not a little excitement behind the scenes, though it passed almost unnoticed by the big audience. The performers rushed out of the dressing-rooms in all stages of dishabille to see what had happened. They saw Rainbow standing with her rifle pushed forward just as she had discharged it, and Huntley, with distorted face, holding his bleeding hand. Lying on the ground at the feet of their young manager some of them noticed the revolver. It looked as though a thrilling scene had just been enacted.

"Go into the ring and call for a doctor," said Andy to an attendant.

As the man hastened to obey the boy walked over to Rainbow, who stood with flashing eyes and heaving breast, gazing full at Huntley, as though she was in the humor to finish him with another shot.

"You saved my life, little girl," said Andy, "and I shan't forget it."

He took her face in his hands and looked into her eyes as he spoke. Perhaps he saw something there he had never seen before. A burst of applause announced the finish of the act in the ring, and it was time for Rainbow and her boy assistant to watch for their entrance cue, which the band always gave. Andy led her toward the curtain.

"You are the dearest little sister in the world," he said to her.

She laid her head on his shoulder and he felt her tremble. The curtain opened a bit and the attendant entered with a doctor. Andy pointed at Huntley.

"Kindly attend to that man's hand. It has been wounded by a bullet. Then name your fee and it will be paid," said the young manager.

A flourish came from the band and Rainbow straightened up and darted outside, followed by Jimmy Coyne. The physician went over to the ex-manager, who was suffering great pain from his wound and was staggering about from the effects of the liquor that obscured his brain. The cause of the incident had vanished from his mind and he had even forgotten where he was. A camp-chair was brought for him to sit down while the doctor attended him.

The physician examined the hurt and found it a bad one. The rifle ball had gone through the center of his hand, smashing all the small bones in its path. It had then hit the butt of the revolver with a force that had torn it out of the man's hand. The doctor asked if there was a suitable liniment at hand, and called for something to use as a bandage. The circus people, being always exposed to sprains and accidents, had everything necessary to meet the emergency, and Huntley's wound was fixed up in a scientific manner, after which a policeman was told to see him to his hotel. When Andy returned to the ticket-wagon and told Sam what a narrow escape he had had of his life, his assistant fairly gasped.

"Great Scott! that was a touch and go! It's lucky Rainbow was on hand to save you. She's as quick and as accurate with her Remington as a flash of lightning. You can't thank her enough, old man," said Sam.

"I know I can't. It's rather a solemn thing for a fellow to realize he was so near death."

"Bet your life! Did you have Huntley arrested?"

"No. I sent him to his hotel in charge of a policeman."

"He ought to be punished for making an attempt on your life. How do you know but he'll try it again when there's nobody around quick enough to stop him?"

"I'll have to take the chance. The man was drunk and not thoroughly responsible for his actions."

"The fact that he was drunk is no excuse for him. If he didn't have it in for you he wouldn't have drawn his gun on you."

"Well, never mind. Let him go his way. If he comes around the circus again to bother Miss Martin I'll have him arrested and bound over to behave himself."

"We'll see if he will keep away. By the way,

as the case stands Rainbow is liable to arrest for shooting him. I suppose you know that?"

"Yes, but it can easily be shown by several witnesses that her action was justified."

"Of course, but it would give you a lot of trouble, and maybe keep you both in town over night, which would prevent you attending to your morning business in Clayton, our next stop."

"Then you'd have to do it for me, but I don't anticipate any complication like that," said Andy.

In due time the evening show was over and the circus left Sudbury without further incident. Andy half feared that Huntley would make a charge against the Indian girl to the police, but he failed to do so. Business continued good all the week and Andy was able to send very encouraging reports to Mrs. Dan Harker, together with satisfactory remittances. The proprietress complimented him on the record he was making, and said she regretted she had not sent the show out under his management instead of Huntley's. On the following Saturday the circus appeared at Creston, a manufacturing town. Business had always been good here when the show visited the town before, so Andy looked for two rousing houses. He was standing at the stage entrance directly after dinner, talking to Rainbow, when he was approached by a shabby-looking man.

"Where can I find the manager?" asked the stranger.

"What do you want to see him about?" asked Andy.

"Two things—I'm looking for a job, and I want to warn him of trouble."

"What trouble?"

"I can't tell anybody but him about it."

"Well, I'm the manager, so you can speak out."

The stranger looked at the boy dubiously.

"Ain't you rather young to be the manager of this show?"

"Perhaps so, but I'm in charge of it, just the same."

"Then your name is Andy Adams?"

"Yes."

"Come over here and I'll tell you what you've got to look out for, then if you'll give me a job for the rest of the season I'll consider it a favor."

Andy stepped aside with him.

"I'm ready to hear you," he said.

"I guess you know a man named Huntley," said the stranger.

"I do."

"He was manager of this show for a while, wasn't he?"

"He was."

"He's in town here with a couple of men, and he intends to start a fire in the menagerie tent this afternoon and destroy the show, or enough of it to put it on the hog. He expects, with the help of his friends, to stampede the audience and thus involve the circus in a lot of damage suits, which he calculates would burst it up anyway even if he fails to get the fire started," said the shabby man. "He's drinking heavily and I don't think he realizes what he's doing."

This was startling news, indeed, if true, and Andy was afraid that Huntley was capable of inflicting any damage he could on the show, from jealousy and revenge.

"What is your name, my man?" he asked the stranger.

"George Jackson."

"How did you discover this plot?"

"I was sitting in a saloon downtown early this morning, figuring on my chances of connecting with the show, for I'm desperately hard up, when three men came in and took seats at a table near me. They didn't see how close I was on account of a screen that stood between us. I heard all they said. The man the others called Huntley was engineering the matter. He told how he had been manager of the circus when it started out, and how he had lost his job on account of some women connected with the show. He said his place had been taken by a young fellow named Andy Adams, who was his treasurer and assistant. He wanted to get even with both you and the show, and he thought he saw his way to it," said Jackson. "Of course, he may have only been boasting, but then he may not."

The man's story was apparently a straightforward one, and Andy was inclined to believe it. At any rate, he intended to take every precaution that afternoon and evening to prevent the indicated doubt. He knew that the mere suspicion of a fire when the big tent was crowded was liable to precipitate a panic in which dozens of spectators might be more or less seriously hurt, and the circus would, in that event, have to face many suits for legal redress.

"I thank you for the information, Jackson," he said. "Now, what kind of a job are you looking after? Have you had any circus experience?"

"I've traveled with sideshows for years, and in the winter I get taken on at museums, or any small place I can find an opening. I'm known as the 'Human Lamp.' Here is my card."

Andy looked at the dirty piece of pasteboard the man handed him. It read: "George Jackson, the Human Lamp. With Joe Costello's Aggregation of Wonders. Permanent address, care of the N. Y. Looking Glass."

"So you're a freak, eh?" smiled Andy.

"Yes. That's my business. I'm an artist, but I can't say that the world showers any large pecuniary rewards upon my talents. I often go hungry, though I am capable of swallowing a pint of oil, sticking a wick in my mouth and furnishing as good light as any fancy lamp. I am also a fire-eater. I can fill my mouth with tow, set it on fire and make a perfect furnace of my mouth. Then I can draw many yards of colored ribbons out of the flames which will not be even scorched. I have done the sword-swallowing act, but am not partial to pawn my sword to get the price of a few meals, and it's with 'my uncle' yet," said Jackson in a jaunty way.

"I'll give you a trial, and if you make good I'll keep you. I can use another freak just as well as not, and I owe you a favor for warning me of Huntley's designs. Come with me. By the way, have you had your dinner?"

"I regret to say I have not. I spent my last coin this morning for coffee and rolls."

Andy took Jackson to the cooking-tent and told the cook to give him something to eat.

"When you're through you'll find me around the ticket-

"All right, governor. I'll be along in a minute or two," said Jackson.

Fifteen minutes later Andy introduced Jackson to the lecturer of the sideshow, who was in charge of it, and told him to put him at work. The moment Jackson entered the sideshow he recognized a pair of old friends in the fat woman and living skeleton. They were glad to welcome him to their companionship, and both assured the lecturer that Jackson was able to make good.

"Where are your traps?" asked the lecturer.

"At a cheap lodging-house in town," replied Jackson. "I'll have to get them or I couldn't give an exhibition of my feats."

"Then you'd better start after them at once and get back here as soon as you can."

In the meanwhile, Andy told Sam about the warning he had received from the new freak whom he had engaged for the sideshow, and Sam looked concerned.

"He is vindictive. He couldn't have thought of a worse scheme. We've got to watch the show mighty close this afternoon and evening, and you've no time to lose putting the boys wise, for the afternoon crowd is beginning to arrive," said Sam.

Andy hurried away to notify all his working employees of the situation, and to place them where they ought to do the most good. All but one of the local cops who had already reported for duty he placed around on the outside of the main tent and its appendages to watch the small boys and to keep any stranger from getting too close to the canvas. The sale of admissions began at last and the big tent began to fill up rapidly. Andy watched every man that entered, closely, to see if he could detect Huntley in disguise, for he did not expect the rascal would dare appear openly. He saw no one who looked like the man till the tent was crowded and the show about to begin, and then three men presented tickets of general admission. Andy suspected that one of them was Huntley.

He followed them into the menagerie and watched them closely. There was hardly any other spectator in that tent now. The men carried bags that looked as if they might be full of peanuts or something of that kind. They passed slowly from cage to cage, loitering around more than Andy thought natural for men to do. Suddenly one of them disappeared. Andy darted behind the line of cages at once. He was in time to hear one of his attaches say, "Nobody's allowed behind these cages. Move on, please."

The man moved away. The three gathered together in front of Rajah's cage and talked in low tones. Andy was on the point of getting an officer when he saw the man enter the main tent and loiter around for seats. There were none to be had, for the show was crowded. Andy followed the man up closely and saw them take their stand at the end of the tier of seats on the menagerie side. Believing they would give trouble yet, Andy called one of his men and pointing out the strangers told him to watch them closely. Then he hurried after a plain-clothes officer. The first of the acts was on when he came back with the policeman. At that moment a struggle took place between the attache and one of the three men.

"Arrest those men," said Andy to the officer, at

the same time calling to another of his men who had been posted near by.

The three rascals put up a desperate struggle, which drew attention that way, and shouted fire at the top of their voices. The startled audience began to rise in a panic. Andy darted toward the ring to reassure the people. Just then one of the villains dropped a bomb. There was a muffled report, not very loud, and a cloud of dark smoke began to rise in that vicinity. With cries of terror from many women a rush was started for the door.

CHAPTER XII.—More Trouble.

In another moment the whole audience would have been turned into a seething mass of frantic, terror-stricken people, but Andy was equal to the emergency, and so were his performers. Andy darted toward the entrance.

"Sit down. There is no fire. That's only smoke yonder, and it's all a part of the performance," he shouted, waving his hands.

All the performers in a position to appear ran out into the ring and began reassuring the people. The band started up a popular air, and better than all the smoke died away as quickly as it had begun. The audience hesitated, looked around and, seeing no fire, stopped its rush. That gave Andy the chance to make himself heard more plainly, and the result was the panic was arrested and the people started to get back to their seats. By the time matters had calmed down it developed that several women had fainted, and Andy took immediate measures for their relief.

When he finally got outside he found two of the three men under arrest, but Huntley was not one of them. He felt very grateful to the Human Lamp for his forewarning, and determined to present him with a suitable reward. He ordered the two policemen who had the rascals handcuffed to take them to prison and charge them with attempting to start a fire in the circus and precipitate a panic. Sam nearly had a fit when he heard about what had happened. He had been so busy in the wagon outside, counting up, that he had not taken much notice of the disturbance, which had quickly quieted down. He agreed that the show had had a close call.

"So Huntley got away?" he said.

"Yes, but we got the other two," replied Andy.

After supper Andy went in town with those attaches that had taken a part in the affair. He saw the man in charge of the station-house and told him that it was necessary for him and his witnesses to accompany the circus when it left that night for the next stand; that they were prepared to make affidavits against the two prisoners, which could be presented at their examination. Under the circumstances this offer was accepted, so the affidavits were drawn up and sworn to, after which Andy and his men returned to the lot.

For fear Huntley might have the nerve to make a second attempt of some kind on the circus that evening a strict watch was kept, but the show passed off without any unusual incident transpiring. Once more the circus made an extra long lap to take in the city of Piedmont. In order to

reach this place the show had to keep to the road, with intervals for rest, all Saturday night and all day Sunday up to five o'clock. The day trip was long and wearisome to the performers, who disliked being cooped up in the stuffy vans. Andy called the Human Lamp aside on Sunday morning after breakfast on the roadside and handed him \$100 in testimony of the management's appreciation of the warning.

That might seem a small sum to the reader for a service that perhaps saved the show from ruin, but Jackson appreciated it as much as if it were ten times the amount. Andy had some special posters printed to hang around the front of the sideshow setting forth, in circus language, the feats the Human Lamp was capable of, and we may as well say here that Jackson proved a great card during the season, and drew many dollars to the sideshow. But this time Andy was running the circus in great shape and getting a good salary. Piedmont being the first city he had hit on their route, he counted on the show being taxed to its capacity at both performances.

The rush to see the circus at Piedmont proved as great as Andy anticipated, and at least 200 people were turned away at the afternoon's performance. Sam sold tickets to most of these people, and when they presented them at the door they were told to come to the night performance or get their money back at the ticket-wagon. A thunderstorm came up that evening just about the time the crowd began to arrive, but the show had a big crowd, nevertheless, as the people were en route for the lot when the storm came on. The storm kept away the overplus Andy had counted on, so that he was not forced to turn anybody away. Fortunately, the storm did not last quite an hour, but it left its effect behind.

The moving of the show that night was a wet and disagreeable job for the men, but as such things were looked for during the season it all went in the day's work. But an incident occurred that night which was totally unexpected. Miss Betty Martin and Rainbow were making their way toward their van at the close of the performance when they were suddenly surrounded by several men and seized. Both of them uttered a scream for help, but they were thrust into a coach, accompanied by two of the men, and driven away before the circus men, alarmed by their screams, could rally to their rescue. None of their friends saw what happened. The night was so dark that the vehicle vanished like a fleeting shadow in the gloom, and the two girls were out of reach before the circus people could find out what the real trouble was. The news was carried to Andy, who was going over the accounts with Sam, in the ticket-wagon.

"What's that?" exclaimed Andy to the man who announced the disappearance of Miss Martin and Rainbow. "What's happened to them?"

"We can't find them anywhere. Several of us heard them scream for help, but when we reached the spot there were no signs of either."

"Have you looked in their van?" asked Andy.

"Yes. They are not there, so something has gone wrong with them. It strikes me they've been carried off."

"Carried off!" cried Andy. "Good heavens, who would carry them off?"

"Chet Huntley," said Sam. "I'll gamble on it that this is some of his work."

Andy hurried away, and marshaling his men he made a thorough investigation of the neighborhood, but not a clue could be found to show in what direction the two girls had been spirited away.

CHAPTER XIII.—How Jimmy Coyne Proves He Is a Trump.

The caravan was all ready to proceed on its way and only awaited the orders of its young manager. Andy was in consultation with Sam, his right-hand assistant, who never failed him in any emergency.

"You'll have to take charge of the show, Sam," said Andy. "I've got to remain here and get the police to help hunt for Miss Martin and Rainbow."

"Sure I will, old man. You can depend on me every time," said Sam.

"Well, give the order now to go ahead," said Andy, preparing to mount his saddle-horse and ride to the police station-house.

Sam hurried away to give the order, and in a few minutes the long caravan was in motion on the road toward Chester. Andy watched it file slowly away into the darkness and the night. As the last wagon bearing the big top and other articles, with its red lantern, passed the young manager, a boy rushed up in breathless haste and grabbed him by the arm.

"Is that you, Mr. Adams?" asked a voice that Andy recognized as belonging to Jimmy Coyne, Rainbow's assistant in her act.

"Hello, Jimmy! What are you doing off the train?" asked Andy in surprise.

"Let me get up behind you and I'll take you where Miss Martin and Rainbow are being held prisoners."

"You will. How do you happen to know where they were taken to?"

"I know all about it. They're in a house about a mile from here. I just came from there," said Jimmy, as he sprang up behind the young manager. "Go on straight ahead beside the car track till I tell you to turn off. I've got the route down fine, for I took note of it on my way back so as to show you."

"How did you manage to follow those rascals? They must have had a vehicle."

"They had a two-horse coach. I saw it standing by the side of the road before the men grabbed the young ladies. There were three men, and I couldn't do anything to save them. I was going to rush back to the lot and tell what I'd seen when I thought I'd do better by hanging on behind the coach. Then I'd find out where it went to, and I might be able to get a cop to save the young ladies."

"You did the right thing, Jimmy. You know Huntley. Was he one of the men?"

"Yes. He bossed the job. I heard him talking to Miss Martin inside the coach. He wants her to marry him right away and leave the show. He only carried Rainbow off because he had to."

"What did Miss Martin say to his proposal?"

"She said, 'Never.' She told him she had no use for him at all. Then he swore he'd carry her into the next county and force her to marry him,

or keep her a prisoner till she agreed to do as he wanted her to. He told Rainbow he was going to let her go if Miss Martin consented to marry him, otherwise he'd carry her along as a companion for Miss Martin, and keep her a prisoner as long as was necessary. He said he guessed their absence from the circus would give the show a black eye, which would suit him first-rate."

"So he's got them in a house in this city?"

"No. Not in the city, but on the road to the next county. He told Miss Martin he'd give her an hour to make up her mind. If she agreed to marry him they would remain at the house till the morning, when he would get the license and they'd go to the nearest minister. Then he'd hire a horse and buggy to take Rainbow to Chester in time for the evening performance. If Miss Martin turned him down then they would start for the next county and hold them both prisoners on a farm."

"He must have had his plans all arranged beforehand. He's a slick scoundrel. I shan't feel easy until I land him behind the bars," said Andy.

Jimmy, who was keeping his eyes wide open, pointed to a turn he was to take, and in a few minutes Jimmy pointed out a house standing some distance from its nearest neighbor as the house where the girls were.

"You'd better stop now, get down and we'll go forward slowly," said Jimmy. "The coach is standing outside with the driver, and it won't do for him to see us. He's on the watch for pursuit, though Huntley doesn't expect they will be traced. You see, he didn't count on me hanging on behind. If I hadn't done that you wouldn't know where the young ladies had been carried to."

The young manager led the horse forward till he saw the dim outlines of the coach standing ahead, and then he tied the animal to the fence and they proceeded on foot with great caution.

"We'll get over the fence here, Jimmy, and approach the house from the back."

They carried out that plan and made their way to the rear of the building. A careful examination of the premises, except in front, showed that the doors were locked and the windows fastened. Jimmy carried his own investigations to the cellar windows and discovered one of them was unfastened. It was not a very large window, but Jimmy believed he could get through himself, as he was somewhat thin. His plan was to get in, make his way upstairs and open the kitchen door for Andy. The young manager told him to go ahead.

Jimmy worked himself through the window, and once inside he lighted a match and looked around. He found two stout pieces of wood that he calculated would make excellent clubs, and he took possession of them. A short stairway led to an entry, and a door admitted him into the kitchen. Making his way to the rear door, he found it was locked and bolted. It didn't take him long to open it, and Andy walked in.

"Here's a club for you, Mr. Adams. I've got another. If we can take those chaps by surprise we ought to be able to lay them out before they can defend themselves," said Jimmy.

Andy agreed with him and told him to take off his shoes and stick them in his side-pockets. Then they proceeded to investigate the house in their stocking feet. They passed through a pantry and

into the dining-room and thence into the hall, there being no one to stay their progress. After pausing to listen and hearing nothing they walked upstairs. A light shone under the door of the front room. Andy put his eye to the keyhole and found it blocked by a key standing on the outside. He gently turned the handle and found the door was locked. It struck him right away that Miss Martin and Rainbow were in there. He whispered his impressions to Jimmy.

"Where are the men, then?" asked the boy.

"We must locate them. Follow me."

They soon saw light streaming under another door at the back of the landing. The keyhole here was unobstructed. Andy looked through it and saw Huntley and his two companions seated at a table, drinking and smoking.

"We must go back, release the young ladies and escape with them from the house before these men make another move," said Andy.

They slipped back to the locked door. Andy turned the key and he and Jimmy walked in. The room was lighted by a lamp on the center-table. On a small lounge sat Miss Martin and Rainbow. They started to their feet with exclamations of surprise and joy on seeing Andy and Jimmy. Rainbow rushed to the young manager.

"You dear boy!" she cried. "How did you find us?"

"Through Jimmy; but come, both of you. If I'm to get you away without trouble we must slip out of the house before Huntley and his associates, who are in the back room, get on to our movements."

The girls at once followed Andy and Jimmy, and as soon as they were out on the landing the young manager turned the key in the door as before, and they started downstairs. Hardly had they reached the foot of the stairs when they heard a door open on the floor they had just left, and the sounds of Huntley's voice.

CHAPTER XIV.—Conclusion.

"Huntley will discover your escape in a minute and then there'll be a rumpus. We haven't a moment to lose if we hope to leave the house without a scrap," said Andy.

He led the girls to the kitchen, where he and Jimmy put on their shoes. Opening the door, they passed out into the yard. From the yard they walked across a vacant field to the road and thence down to the place where the horse was standing. The girls mounted the animal, and with Andy on one side and Jimmy on the other the party proceeded townward. They reached the street on which the cars ran out past the circus lot and turned into it in the direction of the main party of the city. It was two in the morning when Andy registered his party at one of the hotels and left orders for a call at half-past six. At that hour they were awakened and entered the dining-room at seven for early breakfast. Leaving Jimmy with the young ladies, Andy hurried to a livery stable and arranged for a team, with a driver, to carry them to Chester. The livery man promised to have the team at the hotel in fifteen minutes. Andy went to a near-by Western Union office and sent Sam the following dispatch:

"Got the girls. Will reach Chester in time to get the girls into the end of the bill. Have announcement made to that effect, with explanation. Andy."

Before leaving Piedmont, Andy ordered the driver to take them to the station-house. Miss Martin hurriedly told the story of the abduction from the lot, and Andy made the charge against Huntley and his two companions, names unknown.

It was nine when they left Piedmont, and when they reached a small village at noon they had covered considerably more than half the distance. The trip was interrupted there to let the horses cool down and get water. They made the rest of the journey in two hours, reaching Chester at half-past two, and the lot at a quarter of three, where they were greeted with acclamation by the circus men. The afternoon performance was on to a good crowd. The girls hurried into the dressing-room to get ready for their acts.

Rainbow was dressed and ready to appear soon after the regular time, which was about the middle of the bill. The bareback act of Miss Martin's came on at its regular place, and she was received with tremendous applause. Miss Martin and Rainbow were the center of interest at the supper-table that afternoon, and then the men who ate at that table learned the facts of their abduction and subsequent rescue by Andy and Jimmy.

Jimmy was voted a brick, and Andy presented him with \$50. After a good evening crowd the circus continued on its route. After leaving Chester the circus encountered some bad weather and poor business, which gave its finances a setback, but Andy couldn't help that. He did his best to overcome the handicap as far as possible. A week later fine weather accompanied them again, and business picked up. A month passed away and things were working smoothly with the circus.

Good houses had recently been the rule and Andy saw money several times a week to the owner. Nothing more had been heard from Huntley, and Andy hoped he had given the show a wide berth. The show was playing in Visalia on a Saturday afternoon. A large crowd was on hand and the circus people were in high feather. Among the spectators was a dark-featured man, with a heavy beard and a slouch hat. He sat in the front row close to the ring. He did not seem to take any great interest in the performance, though his eyes had flashed in a peculiar manner, and he closely watched Miss Martin in her first act on the pad. He held his head down and appeared to be asleep during Rainbow's sharpshooting feats, but woke up when she left the ring. Nobody paid any great attention to him and so the show went on until Miss Martin came out to do her second turn on her bareback steed. Then he began to show some animation.

As soon as the mare got a gait on she sprang on her feet and began some posturing. Her next essay was to stand on one foot and extend the other limb high in the air, making one circuit of the ring that way. After that she jumped over banners and through paper-covered hoops. Her final feat, after a brief rest, during which the clown tried to be funny with the ringmaster and was lashed around the ring by the latter's whip,

was to turn somersaults over banners. This she started as soon as the horse got going fast. She had turned two of them and was in the act of going through the third when the bearded man sprang from his seat with a yell.

The animal shied and Miss Martin fell toward the sawdust, headfirst. It happened, by great good luck, that Andy was standing close by at the corner of the passage leading from the menagerie. He was watching Miss Martin as she did her third somersault over the banner. As the stranger got up and gave his yell, Andy reached for him, then seeing the mare shy he knew that the girl would miss her back, and he jumped to catch her or break her fall. The fair equestrienne was no lightweight, even in her airy ring attire, and she landed in Andy's arms with a force that sent him down in a heap.

The audience at that end of the tent rose up in consternation, and during the excitement the man started to escape by way of the menagerie. No one followed him and he stopped beside Rajah's cage to look back. The tiger was in bad humor that day, and spectators had been warned to keep at a distance from his cage, an attendant being posted there to watch. As there was no one in the menagerie now while the show was on, the attendant had left his post, though not the tent.

Rajah saw the stranger within reach, and creeping to the bars, stuck one claw through and seized the man by the neck. The stranger uttered a wild yell that brought the attache back. The tiger, however, had torn him, and the man dropped, dying, to the ground. The beard was partially lifted from his face, showing that the hair was false. The attache pulled it all off and recognized the man as Ex-Manager Huntley. In the meanwhile, Miss Martin got up unhurt, helped Andy to rise, threw her arms about his neck and kissed him, and then bowing to the applauding audience hastened after her mare to finish her act, thereby demonstrating her nerve.

A few minutes later Andy was bending over the dying Huntley, who feebly asked for Miss Martin. A doctor was brought to him, but said that the case was hopeless. Andy intercepted the equestrienne as she was leaving the ring amid thunders of applause and brought her to the dying man in the menagerie. Huntley was then so far gone that he could not speak, but taking her hand pressed it to his lips and fell back dead. With the death of Huntley, Andy was relieved of further anxiety on his account.

The circus went through its season with uncommonly good luck and finally retired to its winter quarters. When Andy went home he carried a contract to serve as manager for the coming season, at an increase of salary and a promise of an interest in the show. He took Rainbow with him to introduce to his mother, and the girl made her home with her and her son all winter. Andy and Rainbow became so much attached to each other later that the young manager asked her to marry him at the end of the next season and the girl gladly said, "Yes." To-day Andy is at the menagerial head of a big three-ring show, for he proved himself a born showman.

Next week's issue will contain "AFTER A GOLDEN STAKE; OR, BREAKING A 'BUCKET SHOP' COMBINE."

CURRENT NEWS

MURAT SWORD IS STOLEN.

Historical relics to the value of £45,000 have been carried off by thieves at night from the Bologne City Museum.

The stolen treasure includes a massive gold-handled sword inlaid with cameos which Napoleon I gave to Marshal Joachim Murat, also a massive gold and mother-of-Pearl scabbard and girdle presented to Murat by the City of Paris.

BEAR CHASES BOY IN JERSEY.

A black bear attacked John Belcher, 17 years old, near his home at Vernon Township, Sussex, N. J., March 20. The boy was walking on the railroad tracks near here when he saw the bear about fifty feet away.

He said he threw stones at the animal, and struck it over the paws with a stick when he chased him. He ran to a farmhouse, he said, but when he returned with help the bear had disappeared.

BURNS PHOTO WORTH \$5,000.

Stephen Nemeth, a clerk in Budapest, Hungary, in sore straits, appealed to his brother George, who is in Chicago.

Months later there came from George a large photograph, which Stephen in anger threw in the fire. The next day there came this letter:

"My Dear Stephen—If you will carefully divide in two the photo I sent you yesterday you will find a \$5,000 bill concealed between the two sheets. Your loving brother, George."

CONVICT PAYS DEBTS.

By making cedar chests in recreation hours at the penitentiary in Richmond, Va., Sidna Allen, serving a thirty-year sentence for taking part with the Allen band in shooting up the court at Hillsville, Carroll County, Va., eight years ago, has made sufficient money to pay off every debt owed by him.

A wagon company in Winston-Salem offered to release him from a debt as a Christmas gift to his family, but the offer was declined and the debt paid in full, with interest.

Allen wrote that this was the last dollar that he owed in the world, and that nothing could satisfy him so much as the knowledge that it has been paid.

BLIND BURGLAR CAUGHT.

The first blind burglar on record was captured the other day by Deputy Sheriff Charles Wenzell, of Huntington, N. Y., a finger print expert, when he tracked down George Hawxhurst, who has been blind from birth, and who confessed, according to Wenzell, that he had robbed the homes of William T. Lockwood and Matthew Curley, both of Huntington.

Wenzell was summoned when the burglaries were discovered, and during his investigation of the premises found a peculiarly shaped footprint on the sofa in the Lockwood home. With this clue, which pointed to the wearing of a specially made shoe by the person who committed the burg-

lary, Wenzell traced the owner. He then discovered that Hawxhurst, whose shoes made exactly the same sort of track as that upon the Lockwood sofa, was totally blind and had been so all his life.

Hawxhurst is said to have told the officers that he had no accomplice, but had guided himself solely by his senses of touch and hearing. A few bottles of grapejuice and an alarm clock are said to have comprised his loot.

READ THIS!

We have received the following letter, and publish it cheerfully, hoping it will do some good. Aside from the fact that the repeal of the war tax would be of immense financial benefit to manufacturers of sporting goods, we believe that a prohibitive price should be reduced so that all our readers could get athletic equipment as cheaply as possible. It is the brains, brawn and sinew of this country that have made us the leading race of the world's population, and athletic exercises have contributed to make our boys strong and healthy young citizens.

The Editor.

March 29, 1921.

To the Editors of Boys' Magazines:

One of the things that every boy is interested in is the repeal of the 10 per cent. war tax on sporting goods, and if every boy is interested in this every boys' magazine should be.

The boys know that they have to pay the tax if they wish to enjoy sports and we want to tell you that the war tax has seriously affected every boy's participation in sports. Remember that 70 per cent. of the sporting equipment sold in the United States goes to boys under the age of 18 years. The war tax was put on to take some money away from the professional baseball players. The tax missed fire. It never touched the professional baseball player; it went into the pockets of those whom the law makers never gave a thought about—the kids.

Now that the tax is on the only way to get it off is to show the Congressmen just how it affects young America. Can I count on you to get behind the movement and tell the boys just what they should do to have the tax repealed? They should write letters to their Congressmen and Senators telling them just how the war tax affects them individually and the other boys of their section. If you can get every boy who reads your magazine to write a letter to Washington, and the boy can get his father and some other friends to follow his example you know that quite a few letters will arrive in Washington on this proposition.

You know what use the army had for sporting equipment during the war. It was a necessity then. It is a necessity now if we want to keep our boys physically fit. What good are playgrounds if the boys do not have the proper equipment to use in the playground. When I tell you that chewing gum is taxed at 3 per cent. and jewelry at 5 per cent. you know that some one slipped something over. Won't you help us take off the tax?

Peter P. Carney.

A Lawyer At Nineteen

—OR—

FIGHTING AGAINST A FRAUD

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

The house in Peach street was a gloomy-looking structure, with a faint light showing through the transom over the front door.

In response to his ring the door was opened by his visitor of the morning, who shook hands with him heartily.

"Glad to see you," he said. "Amos was afraid that you wouldn't come, and he was worrying."

There was a hatrack in the hallway, on the marble stand attached to which was a kerosene lamp, and by the light thus afforded Mr. Thompson lead the way to the rear of the passage and threw open the door of a room.

"Here he is, Amos," he said, and Lew walked into the room.

It was perfectly bare except for a table, on which stood a lamp, while on either side of the table was a wooden chair. In one of the chairs was sitting a man about twenty-five years old, and as soon as Lew had taken one look at his face and noted the bare aspect of the room he felt that something was wrong.

Mr. Thompson closed the door, and Lew was sure that he heard him slyly turn the key in the lock.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Rand," said the man at the table. "Sit down."

And he pointed to the other chair, stroking his short, black beard.

"I thought you were confined to your bed with sickness," said Lew, fixing his keen eyes on the man.

"I was, but the idea of meeting and talking with you had such a good effect on me that I was able to get up."

A slight grin accompanied the words, and the young lawyer felt more and more strongly that there was trouble ahead.

"This doesn't look right to me," he bluntly said. "You are too old to be the son of this man, who says he's your father, and I think you have some other matter in view than your supposed lawsuit in bringing me here."

"You are quite correct in that," admitted Amos. "But you might as well sit down while we're talking as to stand up."

"All right," said Lew, and seated himself. "What do you want?"

"I want to talk business with you."

"What about?"

"The Winlow case."

"What about it?"

"What do you earn a year?"

"That's my affair."

"Well, it's your first year with John Scribner,

and he certainly does not pay you more than a thousand dollars. Now, I am going to make you a proposition by which you can earn a thousand dollars in a day; and, moreover, you can do this business in such a way that no suspicion can attach to you that there is anything crooked about the matter."

CHAPTER IX.—The Fight in the Dark Against Odds—And the Escape of the Young Lawyer.

Before proceeding further in the conversation Lew flashed a quick glance across the room. Thompson was standing with his back against the door, and the confident grin on his face told the young lawyer that these two men did not doubt that they had him in a trap.

Both Thompson and Amos were big men, and either one looked perfectly able to handle the young fellow if it came to a fight.

Lew realized that he had been cleverly duped.

"Talk away," he said to Amos, and even while he was uttering the words he was mapping out a course to follow that would take him out of the trap he had walked into if successful. "What do you want me to do?"

"Something very easy," was the reply. "We simply want you to 'throw' the case when it comes up for trial."

"How can that be done?"

"By simply putting up a weak defense and failing to make use of any good points you have. A clever young lawyer like you should be able to do that all right, and we'll pay you a thousand dollars to do it."

"In other words, you ask me to sell my employer out?"

"Oh, what's the use of being thin-skinned about a matter like this? You are likely to be fired from the office the first time you make a muddle of a case, and you know it. We offer you a sure thing."

"And suppose I refuse?"

Amos bent forward in his chair, and a malignant expression crossed his face as he glared at the young man.

"I'll talk plainly to you. We've prepared everything for your visit here, and if you refuse this offer you'll never leave this house alive! Now, what do you say?"

"You want my answer now?"

"Yes."

"Then take it," said Lew, and with that he quickly stretched his hand out, seized the lamp with a firm grip and hurled it full at the man as he sat opposite him.

He had a fleeting glimpse of Amos making a quick dodge of the lamp sailing through the air and striking the wall, and then darkness followed.

Before hurling the lamp Lew had taken mental note of the situation of the door, and the instant that he threw it he leaped to his feet, ran around the table, and made for the exit. Then he heard Amos shout:

"Don't let him get out!"

Lew was half-way across the room when he ran against somebody and his throat was clamped with a strong hand.

(To be continued)

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

BOILED EGG PUZZLE SOLVED.

The mystery of several hard boiled eggs in every crate received by commission merchants in Wilmington, Del., from certain sections of Sussex County has been solved. After many customers complained about the hen that "laid boiled eggs" the merchants investigated.

Farmers in that section who raise expensive varieties of chickens do not wish their neighbors to benefit by getting the eggs and having them hatched. To prevent this before the eggs are sold they are dipped in boiling water.

RATS EAT PAPER MONEY.

Government officials who directed that an arsenious compound be used in the printing of Hungarian currency aimed a knock-out blow at the rat which has cultivated a taste for paper money. Peasants in the commune of Soroksar, near Budapest have found the money a first-class poison.

Repeated seizures of bank deposits recently had aroused the suspicions of the peasants and they began hoarding their money in their cellars in preference to intrusting it to banks. The money seems to have attracted hordes of migrant gray rats, and it is claimed currency having a face value of 150,000,000 kronen was destroyed.

Many rats giving rich promise of futures full of depredation died from the effects of the coloring matter in the money, however, and the rats are alleged to have taken alarm and to have left the village in a body.

WOULD BE "DR. CRUSOE" NOW.

Juan Fernandez Island, 450 miles west of Valparaiso, widely regarded as the spot around which the story of Robinson Crusoe was written, is to be turned into a health resort, according to present plans of the Chilean Government.

The island is thirteen miles long and four miles wide. Vegetation is abundant. Many kinds of fruits thrive there and the sea in the vicinity swarms with a species of codfish and quantities of seals, according to a recent visitor.

The actual original of Defoe's story of Crusoe was said to have been Alexander Selkirk, one of a crew of buccaneers, who quarreled with his skipper and was marooned at his own request on Juan Fernandez, where he spent four lonely years. The gratto where Selkirk is supposed to have lived with his man Friday still is to be seen. A British warship visited the island in 1868 and members of the crew erected a tablet in memory of Selkirk.

Some years ago the Chilean Government attempted to colonize the island and gave free passage to emigrants, but the scheme was a failure and the island now has only 200 inhabitants.

QUAINT OLD CUSTOMS OF SOMOA.

A new code of laws based on American statutes has developed in American Samoa from the disturbances of last year which culminated in the

suicide of the Governor, Commander Warren J. Terhune.

The revised laws drawn by Captain Waldo Evans, the new Governor, and Judge A. M. Noble and submitted to the native chiefs, mark an interesting change from the early laws providing for the Samoans.

When in 1900 the first Secretary of Native Affairs, Judge Gurr, asked the native rulers of the Samoan villages to submit laws to him for recommendation to the first Governor he received from various villages a copy of the Ten Commandments of the Bible. This accompanied with the suggestion that penalties for their violation should consist of a fine in the shape of a hog and a barrel of beef.

These recommendations were not adopted in whole, for such penalties would have resulted in every offense paving the way for a feast in the village. This, officials decided, would prove too much of a temptation for the natives.

It is the custom of the Samoans, and was then, that when any offense is complained of, and the offender not known, for the native pastor or native magistrate to compel each person in the village to declare his or her innocence by oath on the Bible.

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- 65 QUICKER THAN THE EYE, by Ralph Cummins.
- 66 THE CLUE IN THE DARK ROOM, by Hamilton Craigie.
- 67 THE TONGUE OF OSIRIS, by Marc Edmund Jones
- 68 DETECTIVE WADE'S BIG CASE, by Ethel Rosemen.
- 69 THE SPIRIT BELL, by Charles Fulton Oursler
- 70 THE HOUSE BEHIND THE WALL, by Julian Darrow
- 71 THE ADMIRAL'S SPOONS, by William Hamilton Osborne.
- 72 THE CANINE CLUE, by Thos. J. Lally.
- 73 THE PSYCHIC ENEMY, by Arthur Wm. Andreen.
- 74 THE WONDER GIRL, by Ralph Cummins.
- 75 ON THE WRONG TRAIL, by Ethel Rosemen.
- 76 THE SPIRIT WITNESS, by Chas. F. Oursler.
- 77 THE LITTLE WHITE ROOM, by Marc Edmund Jones.
- 78 THE STOLEN YEAR, by Edmund Elliot.
- 79 THE AFFAIR AT HOLLYWOOD HOUSE, by William H. Kefoed
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THE WRECK AFLOAT

By COL. RALPH FENTON.

I had often before run the whole coast from Newfoundland to Key West, and was on my last cruise in that part that we fell in with the Haunted Wreck.

I was first mate then of the "Vesta," a brig out of Boston, and trading with South American ports, and it was upon our return trip that we took as passenger a gentleman, who came on board at Vera Cruz.

He was a tall, dark-faced man of forty-five, with black, restless eyes and a nervous manner.

Never speaking unless spoken to, he was not a jolly companion; but being always polite, and minding his own business, we had no complaint to make against him.

He passed most of the time upon deck, sleeping little, and seemingly ate to keep off hunger, and not as though he enjoyed it.

When he was on deck he was always gazing out over the waters in every quarter, until the crew nicknamed him Captain Lookout.

One bright moonlight night we were gliding slowly along under a three-knot breeze, when Mr. Vincent, for so the stranger was registered on the brig's books, cried out:

"Wreck ahoy!"

I had before set him down as a little off in the upper story, and I felt convinced of it, as sweeping the horizon with my glass, I could nowhere discover an object upon the moonlit waters.

"Wreck ahoy, sir!" he called again.

"Mr Vincent, had you not better go down into the cabin and have a game of chess with the captain?" I asked.

"No, sir: I play no games, nor have I heart for pleasure while her fate is unknown. There, sir, do you not see that wreck?"

He pointed dead-ahead, and to my surprise I discovered a large hulk in our path, and then I knew that his keen eyes had seen it even before the lookout at the masthead.

"I do see a wreck, sir, and——"

"Wreck ho!"

The cry came fram aloft, and instantly every seaman on the brig was on his feet, and gazing earnestly across the waters, their minds filled with dread.

"At last, at last! Oh, sir, the wind is dying away; but you will send boats aboard?" and he turned to me with a piteous appeal in his face, and with hands clasped together.

"We are heading for the wreck, Mr. Vincent, and if there are persons on board the captain will do all he can for them," I answered, gazing at the man in surprise at his excitement, for he was trembling like one with the ague.

"What do you make her out, Thompson?" I asked of the man aloft, and after a moment his answer came:

"It's the Haunted Wreck, sir; I saw her once before."

Instantly the helmsman changed the course of the brig, bringing her up several points, but I sternly ordered him to head on as before, and, to

my astonishment, he deserted the wheel, as he replied:

"I never disobeyed an order in my life before, sir, and I'm an old man; but I'll not steer for yonder phantom wreck."

"Why, Bolton, are you crazy?" I asked, spring to the wheel myself.

"No, sir, not crazy; I'm a true seaman, and I don't want to run aboard any spirit craft such as yonder is," returned the old sailor earnestly, yet with politeness, while Mr. Vincent cried:

"Oh, Mr. Carter, you will board the wreck, won't you?"

I was in a quandary, for the crew were coming aft, and I called down the hatch for the captain to come on deck, and pointing out the wreck to him, told him what had occurred.

At once he ordered the man Bolton back to the wheel, and the crew forward; but not a man moved.

Then the boatswain, coming forward, was their spokesman, and firmly refused for all hands to work the vessel, unless her course was changed to avoid the wreck.

The captain appealed to them in the name of the people in distress on board the wreck; but it was no use; they were firm, and, furthermore, said the brig should not approach any nearer the haunted hulk.

All this time Mr. Vincent stood in silence, but eagerly looking on, and hearing the decision of the crew, turned to the captain.

"Do you intend to let your crew bully you, sir?" he asked sternly.

"There is no better crew afloat, sir; not a man has incurred my displeasure on the whole voyage, and knowing the superstitious views of seamen, I shall yield them the point in this," was the reply of the captain.

Mr. Vincent made no reply, but entered the cabin just as the brig's course was changed to avoid the wreck, now less than a league away, and rising and falling upon the waves.

A moment after our strange passenger appeared on deck, devoid of his hat, coat and boots, and before a hand could check him, sprang overboard into the sea.

So sudden was his act that for a moment all were dazed, and it was some moments before the brig was hove to and an order given to lower a boat.

In doing this we lost sight of the strange man, and I began an extended search for him, rowing off and on about where I supposed him to be.

After fifteen minutes' fruitless search, I was about to give up, thinking that he was drowned and had intentionally committed suicide, when, sweeping the waters with my glass, in the moon's wake I suddenly caught sight of a dark object.

A glance showed me that it was a man's head and shoulders, and that he was swimming badly and rapidly toward the wreck.

At once I gave chase, and when I overhauled him he was within half a mile of the wreck, for he had swum as I believe no man could swim.

It was only by threats that I could force the two seamen at the oars to go after him, as they dreaded the wreck so, but at last they did so, and we overtook the gallant swimmer.

"Here, Mr. Vincent, you must get into the boat with me," I said firmly.

"Never, sir, never!" he cried, and he went out of sight.

We watched closely for him and after a minute he arose seventy feet away, and nearer the wreck.

At once we rowed after him, to see him again disappear; and thus it went on, until when he dived, I ordered the men to row rapidly toward where we expected he would come up.

I was right, for he came out of the water within ten feet of us, but disappeared upon seeing us.

"We will drown him at this rate, sir; better let him go on to the wreck," said one of the men.

"No, I will not leave him to his fate," I said firmly.

"You don't mean you will go yonder, sir?" asked one of the oarsmen quickly.

"I do mean it, and if you refuse to go, I shall take you back to the brig and go alone."

"You are wrong, sir, for that ain't a true craft."

"True or phantom, haunted or not, I follow yonder man, if I have to jump overboard and swim after him," was my answer.

"Bob, there ain't but one time to die, let's back the mate and go," said the starboard oarsman, and after a moment's hesitation the other replied:

"I'll go, but it's hard to ask it of us."

Without another word the two men pulled on after the swimmer, but so slowly that he really gained on us, and I feared each moment their courage would give out.

As we drew near the wreck I noticed that it was a large hull, without a single mast, and that its bulwarks were battered in, and looking, I saw, almost to my horror, I frankly admit, a white form, a human being suddenly appear upon the quarter-deck.

I did not make my discovery known to the oarsmen for I knew they would pull right back to the brig, but with my eyes riveted upon the form I held on.

Suddenly a wild cry came from the waters about, and it was echoed by a shriek from the wreck; and the oars dropped from the nerveless hands of the men; but I cried out that the poor man was drowning, and they seized them again and pulled to his aid, though one said:

"I thought I heard an answering cry from the wreck."

With wonderful speed Mr. Vincent now urged himself through the waters, and when we were yet sixty yards from him he reached the wreck, drew himself up over the bow, and I saw him disappear.

"Men, he has boarded her; the wreck is real," I said, and so, reassured, they pulled on and in a few seconds more we were alongside and I clambered over the shattered bulwarks.

Never will I forget the scene I then witnessed, for the strange passenger sat upon the deck, and in his arms, unconscious, lay a woman's form clad in white.

"Oh, sir, help me to restore her, for she has fainted," he cried, pitifully and the two men having now come on board we did all we could and, the eyes of the maiden, for she was only eighteen, and very beautiful, opened and gazed around her.

"Saved! thank Heaven, and by you, my father," she murmured.

Yes, and he then and there told us his story. He was a rich planter, and was on a voyage of pleasure with his only child when in a storm the vessel had been dismasted and cast upon her beam-ends, and every effort to right her had been unavailing.

The crew and passengers had taken to the boats, and in the confusion Mr. Vincent had been told that his daughter was in the captain's gig; but when the boats got away, and the wreck was lost sight of, her absence was discovered.

In vain did the distracted father offer large sums if they would return to the wreck. He was told that it had gone down, and thus he was taken away, and the party in the boats were rescued some days later.

The maiden had really been placed in the captain's gig by her father, who then aided others; but she had returned on board after her jewel-box, saying she would go in another boat with her parent, but she had fallen down the companion-way, and was stunned by striking her head, and was thus left on board; yet, strange to say, a huge wave had righted the hull once more and when she returned to consciousness she saw that there was no danger of the wreck sinking, and hoped for rescue soon, though she was almost in despair at her lonely lot.

With plenty of provisions on board she fared well; but day after day passed and no rescue came.

Thus the months passed away, until she felt that she would go mad were she not upheld by the hope of rescue, and over the seas she drifted in her stanch old wreck, while her father, bowed down with grief, was wont to sail from port to port, passing again and again over the treacherous waters that had taken from him his child.

We returned to the brig, which took the wreck in tow, and we got a snug sum in salvage-money, and the two oarsmen and myself received handsome presents from Mr. Vincent and Miss Cora, the fair spirit of the wreck afloat.

FINDS SON IN PRISON CHORUS.

Lemuel Gary, district superintendent of a large life insurance company in Columbus, Ohio, sat in a meeting of underwriters listening to a male chorus composed of convicts from the Ohio Penitentiary sing. In the prison uniform was a young man named William Gary. Friends of the insurance man began commenting on the likeness of his name with that of the convict's. They called the convict down from the stage.

There was an instant recognition by the insurance man of a son, by the convict of a father. Rising to his feet, the father introduced the convict to the audience, saying he had not seen his son for fourteen years.

As a closing number, Young Gary, with his arm linked in that of his father's, sang "Dear Old Daddy," and there was not a dry eye in the audience. "This is the happiest day of my life," said the father.

Young Gary, sentenced from Cleveland for motor car theft, will be released from prison.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

KING'S CLOCKS KEPT FAST.

All the clocks at the country home of King George are kept thirty minutes fast. The reason for this is unknown. It is surmised that it has something to do with daylight saving when King Edward was alive.

MASTODON AND GLYPTODON BONES

Discovery of the skeleton of a mastodon near Charleston, Ariz., thirty-five miles west of Besbee, was reported the other day by members of a surveying party. The discovery is the second of its kind made within the last two weeks, the first mastodon skeleton having been found about ten miles from Charleston. A party headed by Dr. Gidley, of the Smithsonian Institution, engaged in uncovering the first skeleton found also the remains of a glyptodon.

BEAR HUNT STOPS SERVICE.

The trapping and slaying of a black bear weighing 283 pounds broke up a service in a church nearby, at Henry, on the Western Maryland Railroad, south of Piedmont, W. Va.

The bear had been carrying off pigs, calves and sheep, and Arnold Stahl set a trap. En route to the church with friends, Stahl stopped to look at the trap and found a bear standing in it. The animal was a whopper. Revolver shots only infuriated bruin, who became frenzied and would probably have attacked the party had not a rifle been procured. Several well directed shots ended the bear.

In the meantime several hundred persons who had assembled for the church service were attracted to the scene.

THE COLORADO LAUNCHED.

The United States battleship Colorado, sister ship to the Maryland and one of the super-dreadnaughts authorized in 1916, was launched March 22 at the yard of the New York Shipbuilding Corporation at Camden, N. J.

The vessel is the largest ship of war ever built on the Delaware River and after she had been swung across stream by the tugs which picked her up after she took the water she seemed to

extend a third of the way across the river. She was christened by Mrs. Ruth Nicholson Melville, a daughter of Senator Samuel D. Nicholson, of Colorado. Theodore Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, who stood beside Mrs. Melville, made a speech at a luncheon following the launching, in which he warned those present that the country was facing a critical period and that it is unwise to listen to the sincere pacifists and sincere fools who are against a big navy.

The Colorado is the second of eleven super-dreadnaughts authorized in 1916. Her sister, the Maryland, is nearing completion at Newport News and will be commissioned this year. Three other ships of the same class are also under construction.

When she is fully armed the Colorado will have a main battery of four turrets, with two 16-inch guns to each turret. She and the Maryland will be the first American ships to carry 16-inch guns, but the six great craft yet to be built will be armed with 18-inch pieces.

The Colorado will have a secondary battery of fourteen 5-inch rifles, four 3-inch anti-aircraft guns and two torpedo tubes. She is 624 feet long and will be driven by four electric drive turbines, constructed to develop 28,900 horsepower. She will carry a crew of sixty-five officers, 1,345 enlisted men and seventy-five marines.

LAUGHS

Teacher—Can you tell me what a dromedary is, Tommy? Tommy—Yes, ma'am; a dromedary is a two-masted camel.

"Don't you take your meals at Swellfant's restaurant any more?" "No; he's a four flusher. He makes you pay chafing-dish prices for frying-pan grub."

Ailce (age five)—Mamma my appetite says it's time for dinner. Mother—Well, dear, go and see what the clock says. Alice (some seconds later)—The clock says my appetite is ten minutes fast!

Unsophisticated Cook—If you please, mum, the butcher says I shall get five per cent. on all the orders I give him. What does that mean. Mistress—It means, Mary, that we shall have a new butcher.

"Miss Biggs is interested in you, pa." "How so?" "Why, to-day, after she told me seven times to sit down and behave myself, she said she wondered what sort of a father I had."

"Some scientists," began Mr. Gay, significantly, "consider kissing dangerous. Do you?" "Well," replied Miss Smart, "I think it would be for you. My big brother is within call."

Hostler—I let Mr. Jones take the gray cob on trial, sir. Liveryman—Huh! That's the last we'll see of Jones. Hostler—Oh, I know Mr. Jones very well, sir. Liveryman—Yes, and I know that gray cob very well, sir!

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

SOLD GIRL CHILD FOR FOOD.

The sale of thirteen-year-old Laura Hull by her parents to Yenal Zepila, a thirty-year-old Mexican, was revealed at Tulsa, Okla., when welfare workers filed perjury charges against the man. The payment was in food. Laura's parents, living on an abandoned farm, were nearing starvation with two other minor children, according to welfare workers, when Zepila proposed marriage to the child in return for supporting the family. The parents consented.

Authorities say Zepila gave the girl's age as eighteen when obtaining the marriage license. The perjury charge was based on the alleged misstatement of age. An annulment of the marriage is also asked.

FROGS IN NEW YORK SUBWAY.

Fifty women tried to climb through the windows of a southbound Broadway express train at Times Square the other day at 5 o'clock when 1,500 frogs burst through a huge paper bag and began a hopping contest that caused instant elevation of silk clad ankles and a chorus of feminine shrieks. Just as some of the women were making for open windows the doors were opened and a wild rush for the platform followed.

Angelo Capacuti and Cleofonte Sorrentino, who said they lived at 54 Jane street, Manhattan, were responsible for the near panic. The two boys are frog hunters, they told the station guards. They went to the big swamp at Van Cortlandt Park with nets and captured by actual count 1,500 green frogs with spotted backs, the sort considered most edible by connoisseurs. When the hunt began they had a sack to hold the frogs, but this developed a hole, through which the captives escaped, so Capacuti bought a big paper bag that was soon filled to capacity.

ANIMALS WITH FOUR HORNS.

It is nothing out of the ordinary to see an animal without horns, so they excite little curiosity in this respect. Likewise, two horns get little more notice, while the single horn of the Indian rhinoceros is well enough known to distinguish that animal from the two-horned African species. But when mention is made of a four or six-horned creature, everybody immediately becomes suspicious and asks what the joke is. Nevertheless, there are such animals found in certain parts of Asia.

Principal among these is the four-horned chouka, a small antelope of India, its name being derived from the native word chouk, meaning a leap. Its front pair of horns are short and placed just above the eyes, while the larger ones are in the usual position higher on the head. The length of the upper horns is about three or four inches, though the lower ones rarely exceed one inch and no special use for them has ever been discovered by naturalists. The chouka is a beautiful little creature with its bright bay back contrasted with the gray-white of the under part, beneath which are the lithe legs that enable it to make the high bounds for which it is noted. An adult chouka rarely exceeds twenty inches in height at the shoulders.

In their wild state all sheep were furnished with a pair of horns, but the number never exceeded two until some curious specimens were discovered in several isolated sections of Asia. These species had from four to six horns, the upper set being the largest, the other two being graduated with the smallest ones just above the eyes. Curiously enough, the two lower sets always curve upward, while the large pair curl downward, as do the horns of our domesticated sheep.

ABOUT THE MIDDIES.

Two midshipmen at Annapolis are allowed for each Senator, Representative and Delegate in Congress, two for the District of Columbia, ten each from the United States at large, and fifteen each year from the enlisted personnel of the navy who have been one year in the service. The appointments for Congressional representatives are so distributed that as soon as practicable each Senator, Representative and Delegate in Congress may appoint one midshipman during each Congress; the appointments from the District of Columbia and the ten each year at large are made by the President of the United States, while the fifteen each year from the enlisted personnel of the navy are made by the Secretary of the Navy after a competitive examination. The course for midshipmen is four years at the Academy, when the succeeding appointment is made, and the examination for graduation takes place. Midshipmen who have passed this examination are appointed to fill vacancies in the lower grade of the line of the navy, in the order of merit as determined by the Academic Board of the Naval Academy. By the act of June 29, 1906, as soon as possible after June 1 of each year the Secretary of the Navy notifies in writing each Senator, Representative and Delegate in Congress of any vacancy that shall exist at the Academy because of the graduation, to come, of the midshipmen of the succeeding year, which vacancy he shall be entitled to fill by nomination of a candidate and one or more alternates therefor. Candidates at the time of their examination must be physically sound, well formed, and of robust constitution; no one manifestly under size for his age will be received at the Academy, the required height being no less than five feet two inches for candidates between the ages of sixteen and eighteen years, and not less than five feet four inches for candidates between the ages of eighteen and twenty years. The minimum weight at sixteen years is 100 pounds, with an increase of five pounds for each additional year or fraction of a year over one-half. Any marked deviation in the relative height and weight to the age of a candidate will add materially to the consideration of rejection. Candidates at the time of their examination must be between the ages of sixteen and twenty years, and unmarried. The pay of a midshipman in the Naval Academy is \$600, beginning at the date of his admission. All questions as to details of preparation, scholastic requirements, times, places and subjects of entrance examinations should be addressed direct to the Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, Navy Department, Washington, D. C.

INTERESTING NEWS ARTICLES

LIGHTNING BOLT KILLS CHILD.

Dorothy Pisholk, 5 years old, was instantly killed in her home near Rothschild, Wis., when a lightning bolt struck her on the head and passed through her body. The bench upon which she sat was destroyed. Her parents in the same room were injured.

PAINTERS LOCKED IN BANK 5 HOURS.

Two painters at work in the Dollar Savings Bank at One Hundred and Forty-seventh street and Third avenue, the Bronx, New York, were imprisoned in the building for more than five hours. They were locked in when the bank was closed.

For hours they pounded on the door, trying to attract attention. Finally they were heard by Patrolemans Mulcahey, of the Alexander avenue station. After proving they were not burglars they were released.

SAVED DOG.

A dog's life is not such a hard life after all.

Czar, a terrier pup, was a candidate for the dog catcher's pound because his master, Peter Holki, a Russian, has been out of work for several weeks, and therefore could not buy Czar the license.

So a card inscribed "Please help pay for my license" was attached to a can fastened about the dog's neck.

The terrier sat near the Rock Island Depot, Topeka, Kans., for two hours the other day. And his life was saved.

BOBCATS IN NEVADA.

Bobcats are numerous in the vicinity of Galena, Nev. Two of these big cats gave the Nelson family at the Dahl Ranch anxiety. One walked to the back door and leaped upon the watch dog chained there. Driven away, it renewed the attack and was shot and killed. It was thought that this cat was rabid and the head was sent to the Pasteur Institute in Reno. The next day another bobcat, presumably the mate of the one killed, walked along the road in front of the house. This one was shot and wounded. The dog pursued the cat into the brush and killed it.

MONEY IS ONLY GOOD TO GIVE AWAY.

There's one big-hearted man in Colorado. He is Harry Popst.

Popst startled court officials in Denver when he told them he didn't want money and that he gave it to needy persons as fast as he made it.

Popst, ragged and unkempt, was picked up half-starved by a policeman here. When brought into court as a vagrant he answered in reply to a question of what he did with his money:

"I came to Denver to have a good time. I had it by giving my money to those more needy than I. In the eyes of the law I'm a vagrant. In my own heart I am a gentleman, glad to enjoy God's blessings without craving for man's supreme creation—money."

"Discharged," said the judge.

POPULATION OF PARIS STILL UNDER 3,000,000.

According to estimates based on census figures taken at the beginning of the present month, the number of people in Paris is less than was believed. From the shortage of houses it had been deduced that the population had enormously increased during and since the war. Such, it appears, is not the case. In 1911 the total population within the walls was 2,888,110. According to the first count and estimate, this year's figures are still below the 3,000,000 mark. The house shortage, it is officially explained, is much more due to the taking over of private houses for business purposes than to an increase in the population. In the suburbs the increase in population is proportionally much greater than in the city itself, and the suburbs now have about 1,500,000 people.

FLORIDA COAST.

The Seminole Indians of Florida, under the leadership of their chief, Tony Tommy, are preparing to move to their new reservation on the Florida coast, forty miles from Fort Myers, which the United States has recently set aside in accordance with the agreements of the treaty with the Seminoles in 1858, says the Christian Science Monthly.

The reservation includes part of the Everglades, a vast region originally in the possession of the tribe. Approximately 21,000 acres have been fenced in and turned over for their occupancy. Although a part of the reservation is under water the arable portion is sufficient to support the Indians, since this flooded tropical jungle is proving wonderfully fertile after proper drainage.

The Everglades were formed, geologists believe, by the clogging of a large river which divided and became the Kissimmee and the Caloosahatchee. The waters of the branch known as Kissimmee flowed placidly along what is now the eastern shore of Lake Okeechobee. When the Kissimmee became clogged the water, which had formerly flowed on down the Caloosahatchee River into the Gulf of Mexico, spread out and covered the low, flat country, forming a wonderful lake, sixty miles long and from thirty to forty miles wide, and from two to four feet deep, except along the eastern shore, where the depth in some places reaches fifteen feet.

When the rainy season comes on and the banks of Lake Okeeshobee fail to hold the flood, it overflows, just as do the waters of the Nile, forming a vast miry area, known as the Everglades. The water finally finds its way to the Gulf of Mexico near what is known as the Ten Thousand Islands, and also into the Atlantic Ocean, near Fort Lauderdale and Miami. All these rich lands, the most fertile of any in the State of Florida, if not in the United States, belong, by right of treaty, to the Seminoles. The 21,000 acres which are allotted the Indians are a concession on the part of the Government to the rights so long denied them.

ALASKAN VOLCANIC FIRES

At the recent meeting of the American Society for the Advancement of Science, Dr. Robert F. Griggs described a fiery flood which occurred in Alaska, in the "Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes." Here he found traces of the flood of fire which, issuing from a fissure in the earth, swept a roaring torrent of molten sand through the fertile valley, devastating all in its path for a distance of more than fifteen miles. From thousands of fissures live steam, heated gas and smoke issued. One could do one's cooking in any of the smaller holes. And that was the only salvation of the expedition, for all fuel had been destroyed by the flood of fire. It is only a few steps from the steaming fissures to a cave in the side of a glacier in order to have the most perfect refrigeration in the world. The explorers' tents were steam-heated, as it were, and the bathing conditions were of the best for a stream from the glacier fed a crystal pure lake and in the middle of the lake a steam jet bubbled and it was possible to get any desired temperature.

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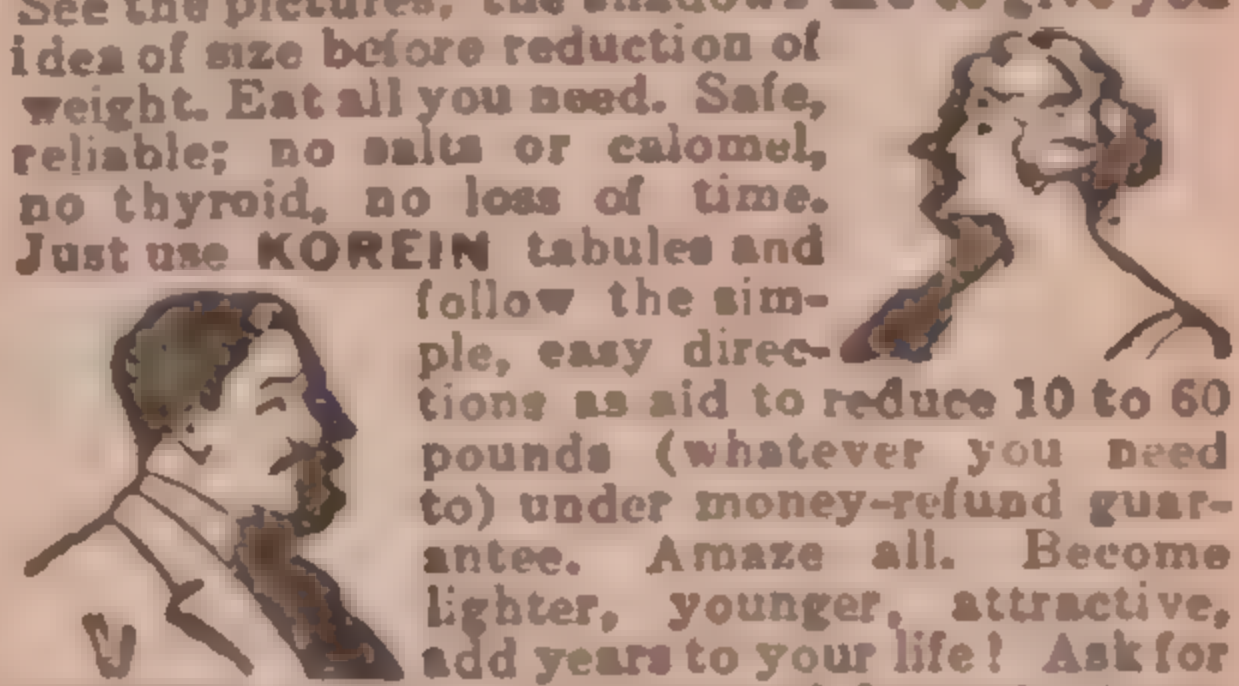
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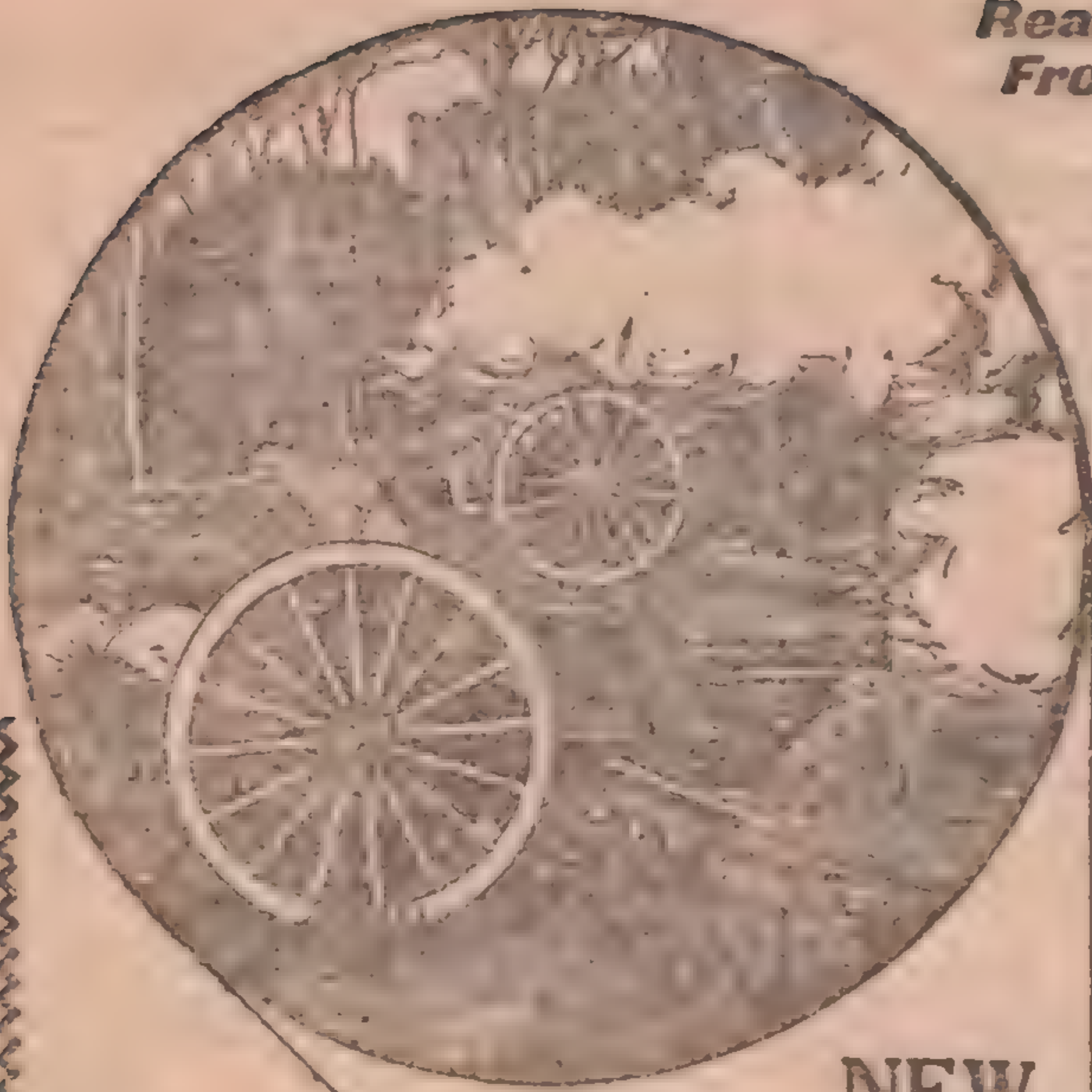


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Picture
Show in
Your Own Home**

**NEW
ELECTRIC
MODEL**

Remember, this is a Genuine Moving Picture Machine and the motion pictures are clear, sharp and distinct.

The Moving Picture Machine is finely constructed, and carefully put together by skilled workmen. It is made of Russian Metal, has a beautiful finish, and is operated by a finely constructed mechanism, consisting of an eight wheel movement, etc. The projecting lenses are carefully ground and adjusted, triple polished, standard double extra reflector, throwing a ray of light many feet, and enlarging the picture on the screen up to three or four feet in area.

It is not a toy; it is a solidly constructed and durable Moving Picture Machine. The mechanism is exceedingly simple and is readily operated by the most inexperienced. The pictures shown by this marvelous Moving Picture Machine are not the common, crude and lifeless Magic Lantern variety, but are life-like photographic reproductions of actual scenes, places and people, which never tire its audiences. This Moving Picture Machine has caused a rousing enthusiasm wherever it is used.

This Moving Picture Machine which I want to send you FREE, gives clear and life-like Moving Pictures as are shown at any regular Moving Picture show. It flashes moving pictures on the sheet before you. This Machine and Box of Film are FREE—absolutely free to every boy in this land who wants to write for an Outfit, free to girls and free to older people. Read MY OFFER below, which shows you how to get this Marvelous Machine.

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HERE IS what you are to do in order to get this amazing Moving Picture Machine and the real Moving Pictures: Send your name and address—that is all. Write name and address very plainly. Mail to-day. As soon as I receive it I will mail you 20 of the most beautiful premium pictures you ever saw—all brilliant and shimmering colors. These pictures are printed in many colors and among the titles are such subjects as "Betsy Ross Making the First American Flag"—"Washington at Home."—"Battle of Lake Erie," etc. I want you to distribute these premium pictures on a special 40-cent offer among the people you know. When you have distributed the 20 premium pictures on my liberal offer you will have collected \$8.00. Send the \$8.00 to me and I will immediately send you FREE the Moving Picture Machine with complete Outfit and the Box of Film.

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COUPON**

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From Happy Boys:**

Shows Clear Pictures

I have been very slow in sending you an answer. I received my Moving Picture Machine a few weeks ago and I think it is a dandy, and it shows the pictures clear just as you said it would. I am very proud of it. I thank you very much for it and I am glad to have it. I gave an entertainment two days after I got it. Leopold Lamentagne, 54 Summer Ave., Central Falls, R. I.

**Sold His for \$10.00
and Ordered Another**

Some time ago I got one of your Machines and I am very much pleased with it. After working it for about a month I sold it for \$10.00 to a friend of mine. He has it and entertains his family nightly. I have now decided to get another one of your machines. Michael Ebereth, Mandan, N. Dak.

**Would Not Give Away
for \$25.00**

My Moving Picture Machine is a good one and I would not give it away for \$25.00. It's the best machine I ever had and I wish everybody could have one. Addis Bresky, Jeanesville, Pa. Box 34.

**Better Than a \$12.00
Machine**

I am slow about turning in my thanks to you, but my Moving Picture Machine is all right. I have had it a long time and it has not been broken yet. I have seen a \$12.00 Machine but would not swap mine for it. Robert Lineberry, care of Revolution Store, Greenboro, N. C.



**SPEEDS
GREATEST
KNOWN, AND
SLOWEST**

The swiftest speed we know is that of light—186,000 miles a second; the slowest that of the human thumbnail, which grows 2-1,000,000,000ths of a yard a second.

This from Science and Invention, which makes some more speed comparisons, as follows:

A cannon ball has been fired at a speed of 2,000 miles an hour.

A bamboo tree grows 27-10,000,000ths of a yard a second.

The earth speeds around the sun at 65,533 miles an hour.

A snail moves 15-10,000ths of a yard a second.

De Romanet flew an airplane on Nov. 4, 1920, 193 miles an hour.

An electric train in tests between Berlin and Zossen made 130 miles an hour.

Railroad engines have made 120 miles an hour.

Ice boats glide two miles a minute, or 120 miles an hour.

The motor boat Miss America has made 76.655 miles an hour.

Most destroyers make 48 miles an hour.

A man has skated 27 1-3 miles an hour, run 13 1/2 miles an hour, walked 9 1/4 miles an hour.

Free Coupon

Good for Moving Picture Offer

Simply cut out this Free Coupon, pin it to a sheet of paper, mail to me with your name and address written plainly, and I will send you the 20 Pictures at once. Address

A. E. FLEMING, Secy.,
615 W. 43d St., Dept. 142, New York

U. S. REVENUE FROM SEALS

The United States Bureau of Fisheries during January certified to the disbursing clerk of the Department of Commerce as available for deposit in the United States Treasury, to be credited to the account of "Miscellaneous Receipts," the sums of \$827,471.13 and \$197,639.68, total \$1,024,886.81, representing the net proceeds of sales of Alaska fur-skins in 1920.

In addition to the foregoing amounts there was disbursed from the proceeds of sales of Alaska fur-seal skins in 1920 the sum of \$371,496.14, due and payable to the Governments of Great Britain and Japan, in equal moieties, as their share of the quantity and value of the skins sold under the terms of the Fur-Seal Convention of 1911.

During the ten years that have elapsed since the custody of the fur-seal and fox herds of the Pribilof Islands was lodged in the bureau the net receipts accruing from the sale of fur-seal skins and fox herds, including the last public auction on May 10, 1920, were as follows: Fur seals, \$3,978,051.31; foxes, \$331,888.35; total, \$4,309,939.66. These sums have been covered into the United States Treasury.

Solve Game Puzzle, Win Culver Racer or \$200.00 in Cash

Only 145 "Points" Will Win

All you need to do besides solving the puzzle is to prove that you have shown the WEEKLY RURAL AMERICAN to four different people. Samples are FREE. As soon as you have done this, your solution will be "Qualified" and you will be given 30 more "Points." Ten "Points" will be given for the best handwriting; 5 for spelling; 10 for neatness; 10 for the best style of all puzzle solutions received. These 35 "Points" will be awarded by three Judges who are in no way connected with this paper. The boy or girl gaining 145 "Points" will be the winner of the Culver Racer or \$200, second highest will win second prize, etc. Thirty-five prizes in all. In case of a tie, each winner will be awarded a prize the same as the one tied for. Only boys and girls under 16 years can win. This contest closes June 15, 1921. It is important that you send in your solution at once.

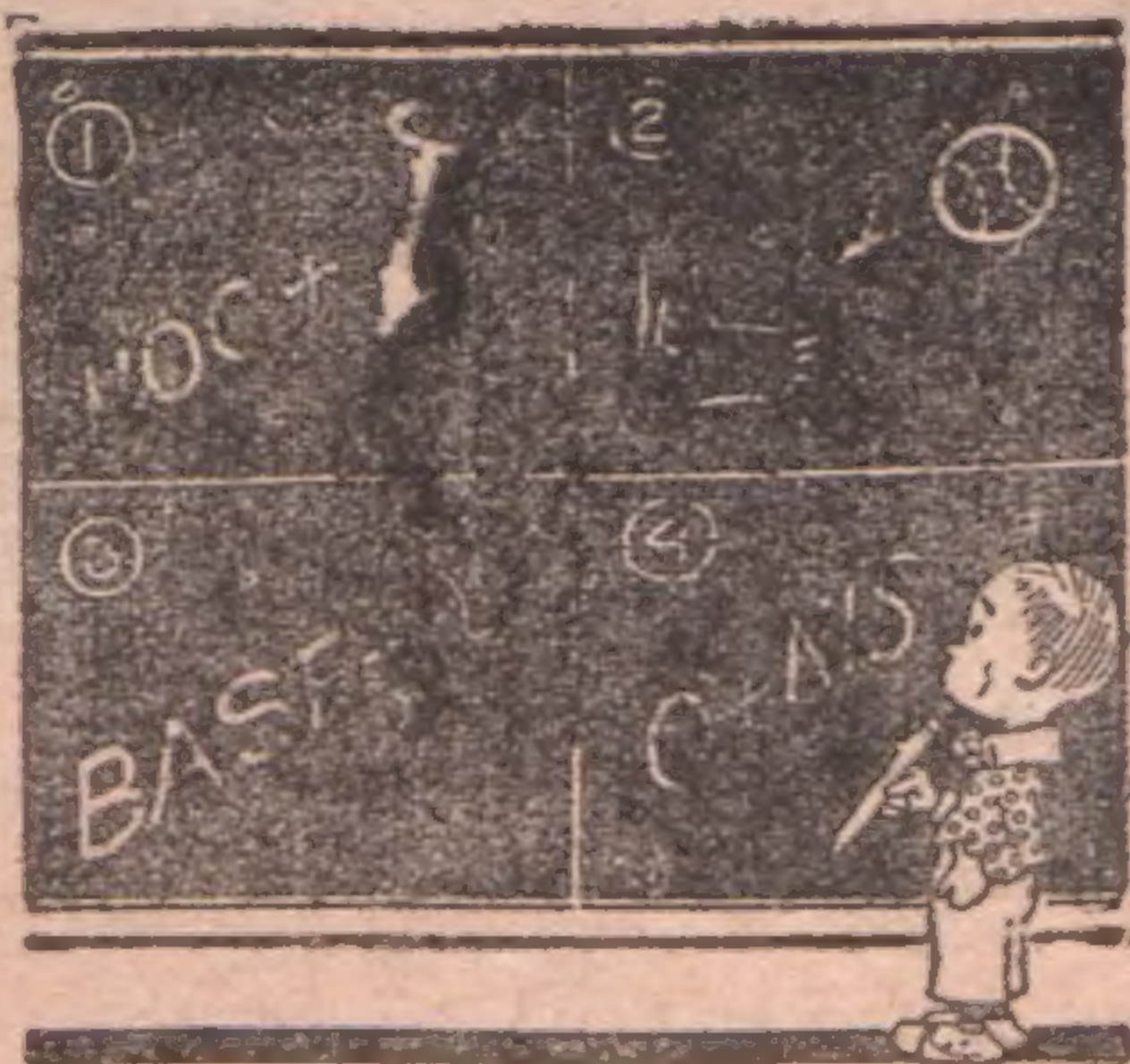
Others Won—You Can Win

Other boys and girls under 16 years have won Culver Racers, Ponies, Bicycles, etc. You may be the next winner. Solve the Game Puzzle and send in your solution right away. Write your solution on a sheet of paper with your name and address in the upper right-hand corner. Address your solution to

Children's Editor

WEEKLY RURAL AMERICAN

12 News Bldg. Minneapolis, Minn.



HOW TO SOLVE GAME PUZZLE

On the above blackboard you find that the little boy drew some letters and pictures. Look closely and you will see that they represent the names of four different games. In the first square you see "HOC" and a picture of a "Key" which represents the game, "Hockey." Can you solve all four games? If you can you will receive 80 "Points" toward winning the Culver Racer. Only 145 "Points" will win the free Culver Racer (a real auto) or \$200 in cash.

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Crushes Helpless Victims

Not only is tobacco filthy and disgusting to your loved ones, but it contains a Deadly Poison which weakens heart, stomach, lowers vitality and invites disease that may shorten your life. STOP! Regain vigor; but don't shock your system by trying to quit unaided.

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